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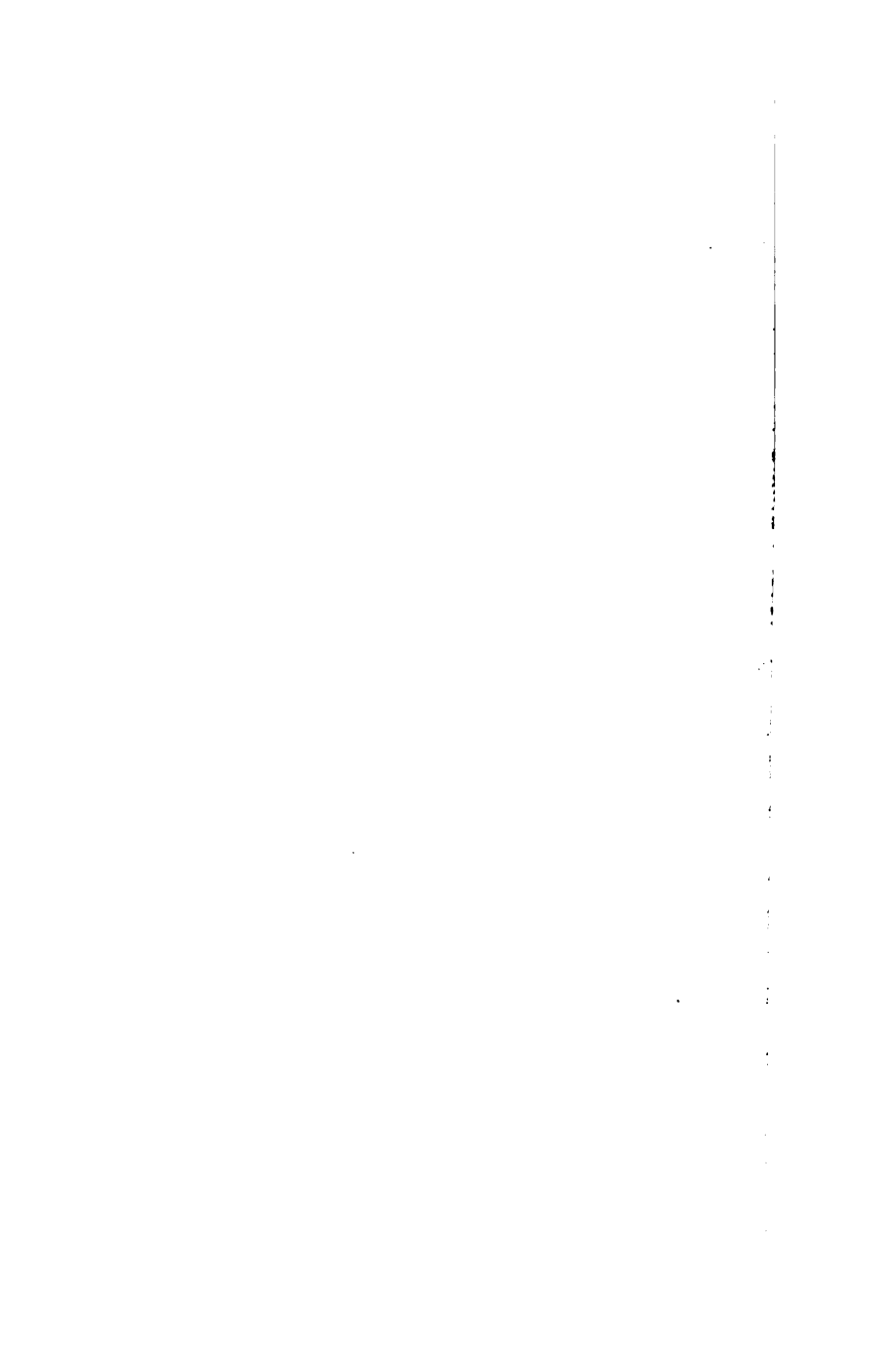
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William Chapman &

ANOMALIAE.

his Grandson Tho^s. Hall Chapman

BEING

1840.

DESULTORY ESSAYS

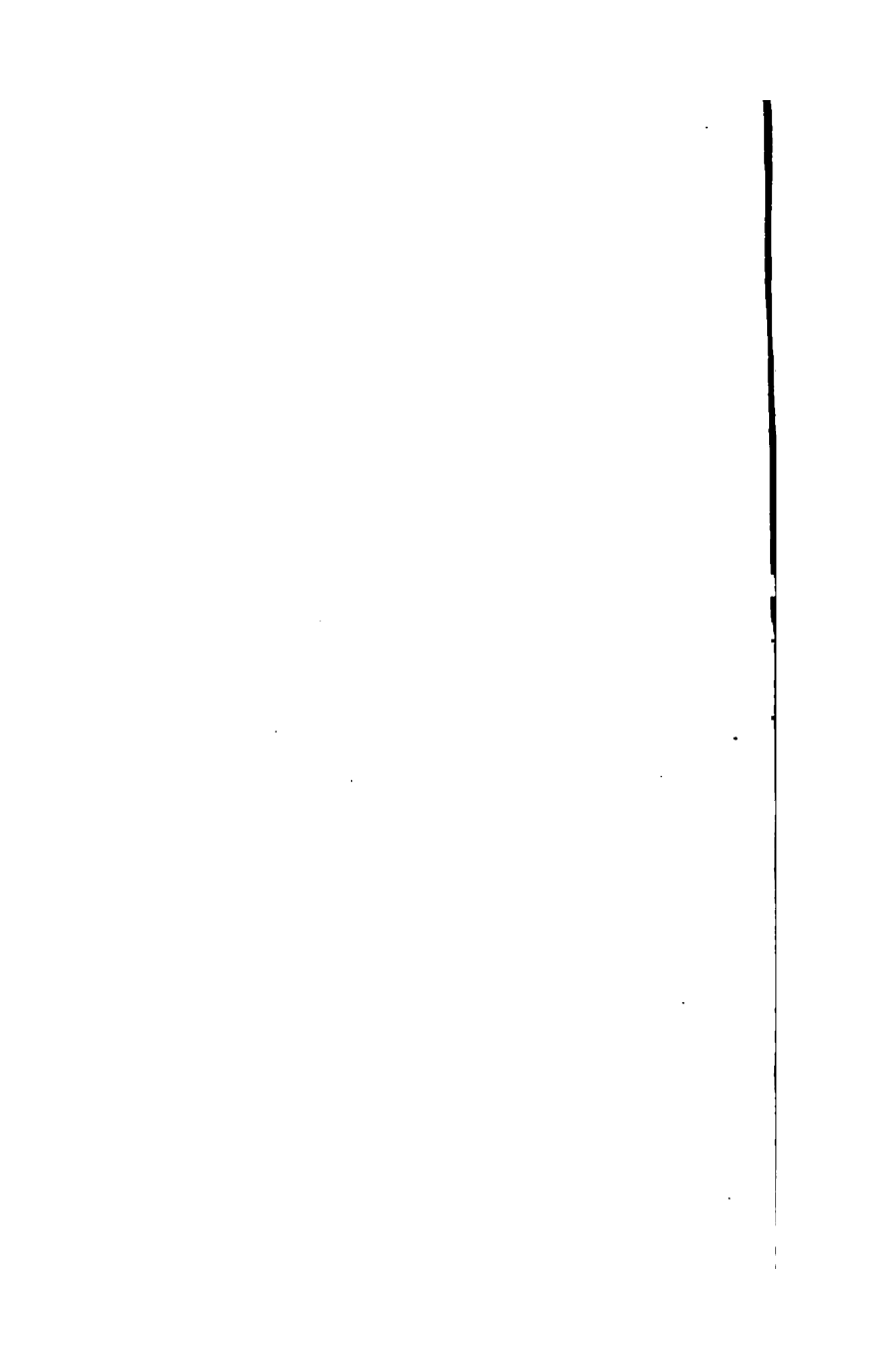
ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

"Evanescentia. dico."



Printed by T. Webster.



William Chapman &

ANOMALIAE.

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1840. / -

DESULTORY ESSAYS

ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

"Evanescentia. dico."



Printed by T. Webster.

1798

TO

FRANCIS GIBSON Esq: F. S. A.

THE WRITER OF THE

FOLLOWING SONNET

AND SUCCEEDING ESSAYS

TAKES THE LIBERTY

RESPECTFULLY TO INSCRIBE
THEM.

Whitby, June 12th. 1798.

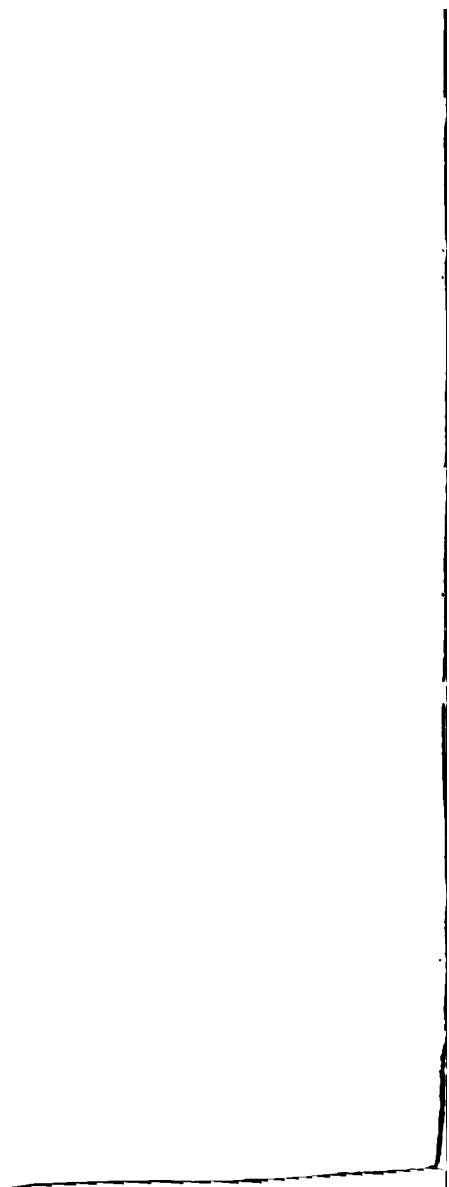
SONNET.

THE Trophies which **MILTIADES** had won,
Exalted o'er the **MARATHONIAN** Plain,
Forbad the Slumbers of **NEOCLES'** Son,
Exciting him an equal Meed to gain :

Thus, your example urg'd my Boyish Years
(Blest Years ! on which Remembrance loves to dwell)
To seek fair Science through her varying Spheres,
Or ancient Legends of Romance to tell :

Oft have we modell'd on the founding Shore,
The mimic Bulwarks of **NEPTUNIAN TROY** ;
'Till Fancy heard **SCAMANDER'S** Torrents roar,
Or saw **PELIDES ILION'S** Hope destroy :

And whom so pertinently can the Muse
As her first **PATTERN** for her **PATRON** chuse.



ANOMALIAE.

.....
No. 1.
.....

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24th. 1797.

“Nunc incipiam causas aperire.”

PROPERT.

THE frivolous and the interested, or in other words, the selfish and the vain, compose the aggregate of that large portion of Mankind, which is united in the ties of Civil Society by motives of reciprocal convenience ; restrained from indulging their passions by reflecting on the consequential evils which may result from them ; and allured to

B

pro-



promote the intentions of others, with a prospect of making them subservient to their own purposed schemes of self-gratification.

This may appear to be speaking a severe language, and in the stile of the Theatre, *opening the curtain* on a gloomy scene : but we do not mean to confine ourselves solely to gloomy retrospect, and are still less disposed to shadow the sketches of futurity, formed by imagination, with a melancholy tint.

Aiming to divert the fancy, we mean not to mislead the judgment ; and though in displaying our *Literary Olio* we are not unapprized that some of the various articles with which we are obliged to compose it, may not be favourites with all our guests, we will however endeavour so to proportion our ingredients that those who may not highly relish our entertainment, may yet venture to taste it (to pursue

purſue the metaphor) without diſguſt, and
relinquiſh it without ſatiety.

The diverſity of human inclinations is proverbial, and not leſs eaſy to be remarked than the particular diſcriminations of the reſpective features of human beings ; as well might we expect to ſee THESE arranged with the ſameneſs of undiſtinguiſhed ſimilarity, as THOSE coaleſcing in unity of inclination.

If we could always reconcile duty with pleaſure, and combine amuſement with inſtruction ; if corporeal ſanity were always compatible with mental improvement ; if ſenſual gratification and intellectual refinement were not almoſt always invariably diſcordant ; we ſhould hardly have reaſon to complain of the caducity of the primæval progenitors of Mankind : the natural inconveniences to which all perſhable bodies are ſubjected
would



would be less severely felt, and the appointed Race be performed with patient perseverance : but speculative reasoning has always differed widely from actual performance, and the conduct of theoretical moralists has been often contradictory to the positions they have laid down as axioms, and subversive of the dogmas they have published as maxims.

“ People will have different Ideas ” is a trite remark. The term IDEAS has been sometimes considered as difficult to be defined : it means, if we attend to its etymological derivation, “ Those particular conceptions “ formed in the mind of an individual which “ are peculiar to *that* mind ; ” the cogitative faculties of which being distinct from every other, must combine its imagery of perceptible substances and its notions of spiritual entities in a particular manner.

By



By no means an adept in verbal disquisition, I have become unintentionally diffuse in attempting exegetical observation ; but I trust I shall not often digress in a similar manner ; though I mean not to be confined to too strait a path without occasionally assuming the liberty of diverging from it, and now and then indulging in a literary excursion amidst the regions of FANCY ; yet so to regulate these deviations, as not to incur the risk of being intangled in her thickets, or involved in her labyrinths.

'Tis a disagreeable thing for a Writer whose feelings have not become callous by being hackneyed, to speak of himself, and like *Ovid* in his exile, crowd every sentence with personal pronouns, and ring changes upon *ipse* and *ego*. But in a prefatory address it is difficult to avoid egotism without assuming the
appeal



appearance of a still more disgusting affectation. May the stile of these Papers, if they should be found to merit a continuance, be far removed from arrogant and presumptuous ostentation, and equally distant from the contemptible meanness of crouching and servile humility.

I shall possibly not be believed (the excuse is so common with scribblers) when I say, that in submitting these Essays to public animadversion, I comply with the repeated entreaties of an amicable requisition. What the result of this compliance may be, is impossible for me to predict; but say the Casuists, "Ubi intentio est bona actio non mala."

There is a difficulty of selection in the arrangement of those proemial observations with which custom has made it necessary for a work of literary amusement to be preceded,
the



the full cogency of which can only be known to those who have experienced it. They ought neither to be apologetical, nor explanatory; the first would be confessing a voluntary perseverance in error, and the latter would be repressing the eagerness of curiosity.

We do not readily bestow our attention on that which is allowed to be impertinent and nugatory, and we are not eager to have repeated to us what we have been previously informed of. In happily and unaffectedly avoiding the embarrassment incidental to these extremes, consists the nicety of preliminary address; various, nay multifarious specimens of which have been exhibited, none of them perhaps wholly unexceptionable; so that such a purity of example as might be considered like a perfect criterion, must still be placed amongst the desiderata of literature. I

I am not without apprehension of being already considered as endeavouring to lengthen pages of inanity by periods of unmeaning and futile verbosity, practising with a disgusting circumlocution, the art of expressing nothing in an accumulation of words, and trying to conceal in the splendor of phrase the poverty of invention and the impotent efforts of a limited and imbecile understanding.

I shall not now endeavour by a pompous elenchus to excite expectations which I may find impossible to gratify; and I hope the critic will not apply to this introduction the adage of "*ex pede Herculem.*"

ANOMALIAE.

No. 2.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31st. 1797.

Chacun peint avec art dans ce nouveau miroir,
 S'y voit avec plaisir ou croit ne s'y point voir.
 L'Avare des premiers rit du tableau fidelle
 D'un Avare souvent trace sur son modelles ;
 Et mille fois un Fat finement exprime
 Meconnut le portrait sur lui-meme forme.

BOILEAU, Art Poetique, Chant. 3.

In this new mirror with a happy skill
 Every one pourtrays whatsoe'er he will ;
 With satisfaction there himself perceives,
 Or that the likeness is not his, believes :
 Among the first the grinning miser smiles
 At the true picture of a miser's toils :
 A thousand times a blockhead well defin'd,
 Mistakes the portrait for himself desigu'd.

SOME writers have observed, that there is
 an inherent malignity prevalent in all man-

C kind,



kind, from whence arises that gratification which impertinent curiosity receives from satirical observation, and that eagerness of communication with which defamatory intelligence is usually promulgated: But says a *French philosopher, whom I always find a pleasure in referring to, “ *Il est certain que les hommes ont de la malignité. Tout le monde en convient. Mais peut on conclure que cette malignité règle tous leurs jugemens? Point du tout. Si les hommes ont de la malignité, ils ont aussi du bon sens. S'ils rient du portrait d'un sot, d'un avare, d'un lâche, d'un impertinent, —ce n'est pas toujours a cause qu'ils aiment a se divertir aux dépens d'autrui, mais parceq'on leur représente l'idée de ces differens caracteres avec des couleurs vives et naturelles, ce qui ne manque jamais de plaire.*” It is perhaps almost unnecessary for me, in this æra of Gallic

* LA BRUYERE.

lic erudition, to give the following translation.—“ It is certain that mankind is malicious;
 “ all the world is agreed upon it. But may
 “ one from thence infer that this malignity
 “ influences all their decisions? By no means.
 “ If men have malice, they have also good
 “ sense: If they laugh at the description of a
 “ a blockhead, of a miser, of a coward, of a
 “ busy body,—it is not always because they
 “ love to divert themselves at another’s ex-
 “ pence; but because the idea of these differ-
 “ ent characters is given them in natural and
 “ striking colours, which never fails to en-
 “ tertain.”——And this is right; for if mali-
 cious rancour were the only principle, the
 sole source of the pleasure and amusement de-
 rived from the perusal of those writings which
 place in striking points of view the vicious,
 the ridiculous, and the inconsiderate, the most
 stupid

stupid libels, of which almost every generation in modern history has produced an exuberant abundance, would have been preserved, and the most illustrious personages who have appeared upon the theatre of public employment, represented in caricature: But happily this is not the case; for though prejudice, which alike actuates those who are swayed by favour or urged by malice, is undoubtedly exceedingly prevalent in dictating or suggesting the respective narrations of various writers; yet by being so often contradictory to each other, like the opposite influence of two equally attracting magnetical powers (according to a well known fable), they keep the object on which their energy is directed suspended in the midway between them, and in this medium is probably the truth.

There is scarcely any person passes through
life,

life, whether moving in an enlarged or contracted sphere of action; who is not upon being removed from (and indeed whilst continuing in it) represented in different and often contradictory terms.

This might be easily illustrated by examples adduced from almost every station in civilized society ; from the Senate-house to the Club-room, from the Ladies of the Court to the Ladies of the Fish-market ; for they too are now-a-days Ladies by prescription, and practise their modes of ceremony. Thus every member of a community in which there is a free intercourse of observation and unrestrained opportunity of mutual remark, may be said to have two imputed characters ; the one bestowed by the partiality of friendship, and the other attributed by the rancour of enmity.

In

In this age of superficial observation, when exterior ornament is principally considered, and mental embellishment despised or neglected; when the cupidity of accumulating riches is equalled only by the eagerness of ostentation in displaying them when acquired; when the vortex of dissipation, enlarging its circumference and increasing its rapidity, threatens to involve in the abyss of a deleterious corruption, all ranks of social life;—little attention will be paid to a writer, unversed in the fashionable topics of conversation, who details not particular slander nor diffuses political abuse.

There is a difficulty in the selection of those fortuitous materials with which the occasional essayist constructs his temporary compositions, and a consequent perplexity hardly to be unravelled by subsequent and explanatory arrangement.

In

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In pieces professedly desultory, there is a previous apology for frequent deviation ; and as the connexion of ideas is not necessarily combined with a regular concatenation of sententious periods, a little levity may be allowable, without departing from the general design, and losing sight of those objects which may be considered as the most important.

The reveries of abstracted meditation, if long indulged in, will be found prejudicial to the intellectual faculties ; and repeated attempts at the brilliancy of witty jocularity, infallibly discover the marks of circumscribed invention in him who thus aims at applause, and endeavours to procure celebrity. He who has once been considered as *master of the joke* at a convivial meeting, obtains the degrading distinction of being invited to others of similar entertainment, purposely to exhibit

exhibit his abilities by way of diverting the company ; and like Sampson in his blindness is brought to the banquet, "to make sport on a holiday for the lords of the Philistines."

SONNET.

-O-

COULD'ST thou Fame's proudest pinnacle attain,
Did rescued Nations owe their peace to thee ;
Did countless Myriads swell thy martial train,
And tributary Princes bend the knee ;

Though from thy roofs with gold and ivory join'd,
The blaze of gems eman'd a brighter day,
Though from thy brows with laurel wreaths entwin'd
The plummy Helmet shed it's glancing ray ;

Though Nature should her richest sweets diffuse,
Though every breeze shook fragrance from it's wing ;
Though deck'd with flowers of variegated hues
Bloom'd immortal perennial Spring :

Not all these high advantages combin'd,
Wealth, pleasure, honour, power, can long encharm
the mind.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 3.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7th. 1797.

Semper puerum esse. CICERO.

“**M**EN are but Children of a larger growth,” says *Dryden* in one of his Tragedies, speaking in the character of Mark Anthony. In the Sacred Scripture, the necessity of becoming as little Children is repeatedly enforced, as a specified requisite preparatory to the participation of what is there emphatically called “the Kingdom of Heaven.” The *Great Apostle of the Gentiles* how-

D ever,

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ever, notwithstanding this preliminary, describes himself as having "put away childish things" as soon as he became a man.

That great and distinguished Orator, that Patriot Philosopher, from whom I have quoted the motto to this paper, has told us, "That to be ignorant of what has happened before we were born," that is, to be unacquainted with the lessons of History, "is to be always a Child." If this proposition be true, what a number of Children do we daily converse with? But the assertions of one who is himself engaged in the conspicuous circuit of public action, and whose political conduct influences the fate of nations, are not to be received without limitations by the humbler agents of private and domestic life. It is possible for the unlettered inhabitant of a rural cottage, by the nature of his occupations precluded



eluded from the opportunities of obtaining scientific information, so to regulate his conduct, that every stage of his transitory duration, whether in youth or age, may acquire that characteristic propriety which discriminative reflection may consider as a rule of rectitude; and the plough-boy cheering his oxen and diverting himself with a whistle, is as usefully employed, and as necessary an agent in the scene where he is placed, as the great Orator whom we have mentioned, elevated in the rostrum and fulminating against the Triumvir the energetic exclamations of exasperated resentment, describing the injuries of an insulted people.

Duped by the pageantry of an ambitious Royalty, or deceived by the clamours of a turbulent and interested Democracy, we grow weary of schemes, are disgusted with systems,
and



and become ready to exclaim from deliberate reflection what the Psalmist is said to have uttered in hasty indignation, "*all men are liars.*"

"The sports of Children satisfy the Child," says *Goldsmith*, in describing the levities of a distinguished people. I know not whether the proposition can be received as an universal one, but I think that with regard to "grown Children," to whom only we refer, it may truly be said, that the infantine diversions they pursue, or are overtaken by, cannot be productive in their moments of abstracted reflection, of that self-approbation which, to make our pleasures satisfactory, should always accompany or ensue from them. —To prevent Children from continuing so (that is in understanding) throughout life, they ought, according to an observation of
Seneca,



Seneca, to be early instructed in the principles of the liberal sciences ; not that the knowledge of polite literature can bestow mental desert ; but because by this previous illumination of intellect, their minds are capacitated and enabled to imbibe the lessons of wisdom, and receive and retain the impressions of virtue. But the advantages of polite learning are not always to be acquired, nor is the possession of them always compatible with our situation in the common-wealth : the splendid accomplishments of the elegant Arts, the manners of the Court, or the erudition of the College, must necessarily be appropriated to, and can only be displayed by, a very small number of the community, promoted through merit or exalted by favour.

The pre-eminence of station in itself confers no real dignity ; and the possession of
opulence

opulence gives no intrinsic worth. Virtues and vices are indeed considered too much at present like the stage dresses of a Theatrical Representation, to be assumed and displayed in a manner suitable to the changing scenery incidental to the continued drama of human life, and men are more studious and careful of maintaining an official and ostensible propriety in those parts of their conduct which are to be exhibited to public inspection and subsequent review, than they are emulous of excelling in reality. Shadows are pursued and substances are neglected; that peace of mind which the world cannot give is expected from mundane appearances, whose deceitfulness and insufficiency have been already experienced; the eagerness of hope is not repressed, nor the ardour of desire extinguished.

The

The phantoms of credulity, the chimeras of the imagination, change indeed their appearances as we advance in life; the different stages of its progression are distinguished by varying delusions; but under some shape or other they are always accompanying us, and, in the language of the mythological traditions of antiquity, alluring us like Syrens, or harassing us like Harpies.

The consciousness of continued rectitude of conduct, in whatever circumstance we may be placed, is in reality the only supreme Good, the "*Summum Bonum*" of scholastic logicians; since he who is possessed of it can by no accidental change of circumstance be deprived of it, whilst he preserves his recollection, except with his own concurrence, and he may indeed congratulate himself upon having emerged essentially from Childhood:

He

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He proceeds in a direct and continued line,
and in his track leaves behind him not a single vestige of casual aberration.



SONNET on FANCY.

--O--

BUT to the sweet enchantment all resign'd,
Attend when FANCY shall her charms impart;
So may romantic visions fill thy mind,
So may poetic rapture warm thine heart.

Life's common paths her fairy feet disdain,
To novel scenes the varying Goddess flies;
O'er clouds extends her visionary reign,
And builds her "baseless fabricks" in the skies

The mingling colours of the showery bow,
The pearls that in the caves of ocean lie,
The gems that in Golconda's mountains glow,
The starry fires thick scatter'd thro' the sky:

All those Imagination can possess,
And form ideal schemes of boundless happiness.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 4.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14th. 1797.

Que fais je ?

A Celebrated Speculatist of the present century (the famous Monsieur *Bayle*), after a long series of abstruse meditation, asks himself, in the words of the interrogatory motto prefixed to this, "What do I know?" and immediately after subjoins this reponsive exclamation, "*Rien!*" nothing.

Chagrined and disgusted with the unsatisfactory result which a long series of profound

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inves.



investigation afforded a mind ardent in pursuit of wisdom, he experienced the splenetic dejection incidental to disappointed expectation: On every side he indagated truth,—in each of his researches he recognized error. He supposed that “he knew nothing:” But this is not the fault of the existing race of mankind; on the contrary, We know every thing: Connoisseurs in every art, adepts in every science, we boast that to the present generation all mysteries are unravelled, all secrets are known. We excel not only in physical experiment, kill cats and pigeons with air pumps, and turn the cylinder of electricity; but we also soar in the regions of metaphysical disquisition, and in our own fancies new model the institutions of society, explode the ancient doctrines of theology, and form, as it were, imaginary altars to self-love



love and vanity within the precincts of our own bosoms. It is this "being wise in our own conceits" that renders the lapse into error at once so frequent and so dangerous:— Exalted in idea upon a pinnacle of perfection, every man looks down from that eminence of superiority on which his pride has placed his spirit, on others whom he considers as his inferiors; and where he finds them possessed of greater riches or invested with more extensive authority, he imputes it to the blind and indiscriminating capriciousness of fortune, whose gifts are but seldom bestowed where they ought to be, and he searches for remuneration in the contemplation of those excellencies which he is confident he has a just title to. O Vanity! never-failing source of consolation to mortals, through thee the nautical and military adventurer endure with
self-



self-complacency a series of hardships and a succession of perils, indulging the amusing expectation, that at some more auspicious period when success shall have crowned their exertions, the difficulties they have surmounted will embellish those narrations with which they purpose to surprise and entertain their acquaintance in some future station of retirement, leisure, and security.

It is not those persons who know nothing, that complain of the deficiency of their understanding; it requires no inferior degree of mental illumination, no common portion of discernment, to discover the mind's defects, the ignorant, to use nearly the expression of a highly applauded *Hibernian* Orator, are always blind to their own ignorance and there must be a delicacy of feeling, a power of perception, and a faculty of distinguishing incompatible

compatible with the darkness of mental stupidity, to discover and afterwards correct them.

To be sensible of our own defects, is the first gradation of wisdom, as the ingenuous acknowledgment of sin, is said to be the first step to repentance; and humility and meekness are the precursors of knowledge, as well as the harbingers of virtue. The desire of obtaining intellectual information ensues often from the conviction of its being wanting, and not unfrequently the remark of the Poet, "*voluisse sat est*," "to have been willing is sufficient," will be found to possess a considerable portion of veracity, especially, as he observes, in weighty matters which concern ourselves; And one principal concern with us ought to be the regulating our acquisitions, that as we improve in knowledge we
may



may advance in virtue, unconnected with which scholastic erudition becomes useless and unprofitable, and polite accomplishments dangerous and delusive; though good manners give a lustre to integrity, and benevolence is most engaging when accompanied by and under the direction of wisdom. Far from hereby wishing to depreciate the study of the liberal sciences, I earnestly wish that it were within the compass of my ability to excite in the minds of ingenuous adolescence, that laudable emulation of endeavouring to attain to excellence by a distinguished proficiency in useful studies and honourable pursuits.— But this can never be accomplished through the medium of a single writer, undistinguished by superior powers of persuasion, and not remarkable by that celebrity which is necessary to give energy to precept, and add lustre to example. It



It is a revolution least of all revolutions to be expected, to see the eagerness for trifling pursuits banished from the inclinations of societies nurtured in an attention to trifles, different indeed in the distinctions by which they are known amongst themselves, but which may all, without any impropriety of diction, be arranged in the same class, and attributed to the same origin, that is, to that listless and insatiate passion for amusement which equally affects the higher ranks and the inferior stations, alike solicitous to fly from their own affections by engaging in what are usually, though falsely, considered as parties of pleasure, contrived to subdue recollection and delude the imagination.



SONNET.

--O--

THINK'ST thou Minerva's olives always bloom ?

That ever vivid shines their verdant hue ?

O'er them chill envy sheds her wintery gloom,

And drops destructive her unhallow'd dew.

Ah ! ill it fares with him, whose soften'd mind

Has us'd in Fancy's fairy realms to rove,

With gentle sympathy's soft votaries join'd,

Or scatter'd incense at the shrine of love.

Urg'd by misfortune's inauspicious tide,

He droops of dull despondency the prey ;

No friendly ray his devils' curse to guide,

Whilst rudely torn from all his hopes away

Dark mists involve him,---gloomy clouds surround,---

He sinks in death's oblivious gulph profound.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 5.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21st. 1797.

Dulcia sunt. HORAT.

I Have ventured to offer the subsequent epistolary essay as the subject of this day's paper, without any introductory comment, though it be not perfectly coincident with my proposed plan: it has however the advantage of not having before trespassed on the public attention, this being the first time of presenting it for perusal.

F

You

YOU ask me *Myra*, if the skill be mine,
The grateful art of pleasing to define :
To this indeed I make no proud pretence,
My aim is bounded, to avoid offence.
Unus'd in fashion's shining sphere to live,
Unapt the rules of polish'd life to give :
Fairest perfection of unrivall'd grace,
That mien imperial, that celestial face,
That form endow'd with every charm to move
The palpitations of excited love,
Need no assistance from extraneous art,
No borrow'd aids to captivate the heart ;
That regulated cultivated mind
Where truth and wisdom happily are join'd,
Whose nice discernment is by science grac'd
With liveliest fancy and with truest taste,
Our admiration and esteem to raise,
Disdains the common notes of vulgar praise ;
Rejects

Rejects the strains that adulation frames,
 Seeks for no compliment, no flattery claims,
 Your merit a superior meed can boast
 Than the beau's nonsense or the toper's toast.
 'Tis true that beauty's all attractive charms
 Can agitate the bosom with alarms;
 But mix'd with no esteem the transient flame
 To the cool judgment is not free from blame;
 So when the bird of *Juno* we survey,
 His train expanding in the solar ray,
 When the bright spangles and *the hundred*
eyes

With brilliant hues in gay succession rise,
 We praise his plumage and forbear to state
 His scream discordant and his awkward gait :
 But far more pleas'd when *Philomela* sings,
 With plaintive music whilst the thicket rings,
 When all the emulating warblers cease,
 And all is hush'd in calm attention's peace ;
 Pleas'd

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Pleas'd when the lark repeats his matin strain
 And notes exhilarating chear the plain,
 When the grey linnets ply their little bills,
 And all melodious carol from the hills,
 When the charm'd fancy lull'd by soothing
 airs

Finds a short interval from ruthless cares :
 Then if imagination should pursue
 In an engaging trance a maid like you,
 See your bright image in idea rise,
 Fair as th' angelic daughters of the skies,
 Soft as the strains of love-sick *Hammond* flow,
 Sweet as the gales o'er blooming *Eden* blow,
 Mild as the meek-cy'd morn of melting May,
 Like Summer smiling, and like Autumn gay ;
 No Tuscan artist ever yet could paint
 Superior beauties in his patron saint,
 No British Poet in his raptur'd strain,
 Could such a pattern of perfection feign ;

But



But such perfection may not long abide,
 With unabating haste the minutes glide,
 With silent speed the seasons pass away,
 And fate's dark verge draws nearer every day.
 Resplendent mirror of unsullied truth,
 In prime of beauty and in bloom of youth,
 Say, whither has thine erring fancy stray'd,
 What dreams beguile thee, visionary maid!
 Has truth convinc'd thee, or does art delude,
 Does reason guide thee, or has love subdu'd,
 Does gay presumption inexperience cheat,
 Is candour circumvented by deceit?
 No, of thine uncontaminated mind
 I undisputed testimonial find,
 That unelated with the voice of praise,
 Can from externals its attention raise,
 To higher ends direct its nobler aim,
 And spite of fashion seek a virtuous name;
Though





SONNET.

--O--

IN climes impregnate by the sultry ray
 The soil transmuted glows with golden ore ;
 GOLCONDA'S hills unrivall'd wealth display,
 And flowers embroider BARCA'S faithless shore.

Though flowers embroider Barca's faithless coast,
 Yet there deceitful rocks and quicksands lie :
 Though richest gems Golconda's mountains boast,
 There blasting pestilence pervades the sky.

'Tis thus does Heaven it's varied gifts impart,
 Mingling alternate, ills and blessings flow ;
 And sometimes rapture fills the lighten'd heart,
 Which soon despondency absorbs in woe :

Then why should Man dissatisfy'd complain,
 Or things incongruous wish at once to gain.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 6.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28th. 1797.

Quod petis hic est.

HORAT.

POETS and Moralists, Theologers and Philosophers, of whatever name or nation, in whatever age we read of, or may be acquainted with, seem to concur in the opinion, that Tranquility of Mind does not result from the possession of external things; that it is not to be found amidst an accumulation of wealth; not to be overtaken by the pursuit of pleasure,

G



sure, or encountered in the projects of ambition : Indeed the greatest part of mankind, in their progression through life, seem rather to proceed like those figures which the mechanists call Automata : Though previously organized and furnished with internal machinery necessary to produce and continue temporary and limited motion, the springs must be regulated by artificial skill, and prompted by outward impulsion, before the constituent parts are capacitated to produce those effects which are consequent to their methodical disposition and connected arrangement. As those seemingly self-moving figures cannot exhibit their evolutions in all places to equal advantage, but invariably require the convenience of a situation proper for displaying them ; so on the great Theatre of Life, the exertion of parts and the efforts of genius, can only be
shown

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shown and applauded in those scenes of eminence, which bring them into opportunities of observation, and introduce them to the chance of patronage and the notice of the public; without which they become as "Candles hid under Bushels," and "Talents buried in Napkins."

But man, who whilst on Earth must not expect felicity unmixed with alloy, nor yet contentment undisturbed by disquiet, has in every station of society, the relative duties of that situation to perform; and although that restless and ever-gnawing hunger of imagination, the offspring of pride and petulance, forbids him to experience in its full degree, that quietness which tranquilizes the mind, and which is equally energetic at all times, in every place and through each circumstance; yet the habit of reflection, if he ever indulge himself



himself in that abstracted meditation which, relinquishing complex combinations of ideas, reduces its speculations to the consideration of those simple categories, that, disentangled from the folds of mysterious circumvolution, present themselves undisguised to minds unperturbed by the subtleties of sophistry, and unwarped by the bias of prejudice ; that habit of reflection will in itself become a primary source of pleasure, a never-failing spring of uncontrollable satisfaction, when in this manner derived from innate principles of undeviating rectitude, operating equally in every possible predicament, whose efficacy is not impaired by time, and whose activity remains inexhausted by continuance.

That inward sufficiency which depends not upon the possession of externals, but must be searched for in the mind alone, and which
may



may equally be acquired by the opulent or the indigent, is the ΑΥΤΑΡΧΕΙΑ which the Apostle *Paul* recommends to *Timothy* as being "Great Gain," and indeed is the only independent good which it is in the power of mortal reasoners to appropriate to themselves, and of which, whilst they continue to be rational beings, they cannot be deprived. "Here then it is," in those words of the Poet which I have placed at the beginning of this essay — "What you are striving for you may obtain without further trouble," — he adds, "*Animus si te non deficit æquus*," "If you are not deficient in an evenness of temper." But this equanimity, which appears so easy to practise to the imagination, is found by experience to be attended with great difficulty in reality : There is great difference between promptitude of resolution and the deliberate

perfe-



perseverance of determinate execution ; the first is easily accomplished by sudden volition,—the other will require the excited industry of arduous endeavour, to arrive at the object to which its purpose is directed, under the slow but sure guidance of a patience, placid and composed in every emergency, and unruffled by the succeeding difficulties of repeated obstructions. The clouds of calamity may indeed obscure the appearance of the virtuous, but like the superior planets they perform their circuits amidst a purer æther, uninfluenced by the mists which obumbrate the atmospherical regions, and intercept the vision of their short sighted inhabitants ; creatures of partial observation, and confined faculties of intellect ; subject to a multiplicity of errors, and indulging in a variety of delusions, engendered by the extravagancies of
vanity

vanity in conjunction with self-love; nurtured by prejudice, and actuated by the instinctive operations of passions, the continual propensities to what divines and moralists call evil; but we can with far greater facility join in the trite and common-place declamation of the afore said descriptions of professional men, than we can descry an adequate remedy; or if even it were in our power to discover this *defideratum*, we should still be wanting in the means of administering the prescription, and our knowledge would thus become of no effect.

SONNET.

SONNET;

Written at MACAO, March 1787.

--O--

THROUGH climes remotest as I joyless stray,
 Let recollection here convoke her pow'rs,
 As on this far-fam'd verge of Old CATHAY,
 I loitering languish, through long, lingering hours :

Yet why too deeply thus thy lot deplore,
 In fruitless grief, in exclamations vain ?
 Like thee on this inhospitable shore,
 The LUSITANIAN PORT* did complain.

Did'st thou like Him superior genius boast,
 Could'st thou like Him awake the living lyre ;
 Like Him arouse this mercenary coast,
 With the warm raptures of poetic fire ?

Then bootless were not all thy toil, thy grief,
 The thought of lasting fame would be thy great relief.

* CAMOENS.



ANOMALIAE.



No. 7.



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5th. 1797.

*Je me souviens d'avoir damné jadis,
L'amant avare, & je ne m'en dedis.*

FONTAINE.

AS I am rather apprehensive that the stile of these papers is acquiring a seriousness which, being long continued, may degenerate into dulness, I shall endeavour to divert the attention of my readers by the insertion of the following story, imitated from the lively *La Fontaine*.

H

THE

THE FALCON,

A Tale for the Ladies.

I Know, nor say I aught contrary,
I've often damn'd the mercenary :
My verse was always sure to blame
The proud and avaricious dame.
But if this reasoning hold good,
By the same rule the generous shou'd
Be prais'd and plac'd in Paradise ;
I leave this to *Collegians wife*.

A Courtier there was once 'tis said he
In Florence lov'd a certain Lady.
Lov'd her so foolishly I'm told,
He would for her his soul have sold.
Trying to entertain *his honey* :
With both hands threw away his money :

Knowing

Knowing full well in love and war,
 'Tis weight of metal carries far,
 That certain conquest on it waits,
 It beats down walls, and opens gates,
 Carries it's point in every suit,
 Makes dogs and chambermaids be mute,
 Or makes them better speakers far,
 Than the *best Counsel at the Bar* :
 In short he search'd each place about,
 For he was strong and she was stout,
 Indeed he wish'd to leave *nought* standing
 But try'd all ways to get his hand in,
 Yet was at length forc'd to retreat
 And left the Fair-one on her feet.
 She held her ground, but *Frederic* stumbled
 Upon this rock, and as he tumbled
 He '*broke his nose*;' and what was worse
 He to no purpose drain'd his purse ;
 Lost all his fortune—in a word,
 Manors and Marquifates (*Good Lord!*)

He



He had in places, more than one :
 But soon they all were sold and gone.
 Folks, *Mr. Longtail*, us'd to call him,
 E're this misfortune did befall him ;
 But Love had brought him to that pass
 His Tail was short enough (*Alas!*)
 The poor man now of all bereft,
 Had only one small farm-house left,
 And but a slender stock of friends ;
 When fortune's gone, soon friendship ends ;
 And those that did stick by him now,
 Were indeed friends, but God knows how,
 'Tis true, 'tis pity' they would cry,
 But no assistance would supply,
 Nor lend without security :
 Poor *Frederic*, his wit and merit,
 His elocution and his spirit,
 His generous gifts were soon forgot,
 And vanish'd with his happy lot.

In



In this indeed there's nothing new,
 For 'tis as common as 'tis true :
 And *Clitie's* lover to his cost,
 Found when he had his fortune lost,
 Soon out of money out of credit,
 Although at first he did not heed it ;
 For whilst it lasted, plays and dancing
 He gave in hopes his suit t'advance in ;
 Made feasts, and tournaments, and sports,
 Enriching tradesmen of all sorts :
 Tailors and entertainment-makers,
 Musicians, poets,---undertakers,
 About his heels in troops did follow,
 At *Frederic's* table sat Apollo.
 And there was neither wife nor maid
 In Florence, but her charms essay'd
 T'entrap his heart,---one beauty tries
 The wanton glances of her eyes ;
 Another whispers in his ear,
 ' *My life, my darling, and my dear ;* ' Others

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Others by silent motions strove
 To gain his favour and his love ;
 But he to all a blank return'd
 And for the cruel *Clitie* burn'd,
 For her he would have *Helen* scorn'd. }
 But he could never gain his end,
 Nor to his wish the Lady bend.

At such a rate *the youth went on*
 The Marquises were quickly gone ;
 And next the Counties *went to Hell*,
 'Till he had nothing more to sell.
 The Counties were to him most dear,
 'Tis quite another matter here,
 For one had better be a Count in
 The realms on t'other side the mountain ;
 Here we the first a Marquis deem,
 Though elsewhere Barons are supreme.
 Which is the best I do not know ;
 This I can tell---if you should go

To



To market only with a name,
 You might return just as you came :
 Take you the title, I'm content,
 So you let me receive the rent.
Clitie had wealth at her command :
 Her husband was a lord of land.
 And as she therefore was not needy,
 She shew'd she was not over greedy,
 She neither took his gifts nor cash,
 But only let him spend the trash ;
 Nor thought him authoris'd from thence
 To seek of her a recompence.
 If I remember right, I've told
 He still had one farm-house unfold ;
 But that was but a paltry place,
 And '*like it's master in disgrace.*'
 Thither did *Frederic* repair,
 To hide his poverty and care ;
 Asham'd at Florence to be seen,
 Where he had in such splendor been ;
Asham'd



Afham'd that he had not known how
 To gain by constancy or show ;
 Nor by six years of painful duty,
 Whom yet he lov'd, a scornful beauty.
 Upon himself he laid the blame,
 And not upon the charming dame ;
 She never heard him once complain
 Or of her coldness or disdain.
 Our Lover now liv'd as he could
 In his retreat, not as he would ;
He kept no company---saw no man---
 Only one toothless poor old woman
 Was all the servant he was rich in ;
 Cold and unoccupy'd his kitchen ;
 For seldom cover'd was his table ;
 A middling horse stood in the stable.

(To be continued.)

ANOMALIAE.

No. 8.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12th. 1797.

THE FALCON,

Continued.

A Falcon perch'd upon the balk,
With which he round the farm would walk;
And sacrifice, to sooth his cares,
Numbers of partridges and *hares*,
Although they could not guilty be
Of Madam *Clitie's* cruelty.
Thus pass'd his time the wretched lover,
And had been wise thus to recover
By loss of wealth his liberty,
And from consuming love get free,

I

But



But by it's raging flames still preft,
 The sad remembrance vex'd his breast :
 Whene'er he did a hunting ride,
 Grim care was always at his fide.
 But we fhall fee that "by and by,"
 Fair *Clitie's* husband chanc'd to die,
 And as he had no child but one,
 A weak and fickly puny fon,
 Who had not half an inch of life,
 He left his fortune to his wife ;
 Declaring by his will, that ſhe
 On the child's death, his heir ſhould be.
 The boy fell fick, and as we know
 That mothers frequently, to ſhow
 Their tendernefs, can ſcarce tell how ;
 And often this miſtaken zeal
 Is hurtful to the childrens' weal.
 This loving parent us'd to ſtay
 Beſide her darling all the day,



Continually



Continually kept asking, 'What
 'He lik'd to eat of---this or that?'
 Ask'd him, 'What toys he lik'd to have'---
 And 'What his appetite did crave?'
 Whate'er they offer'd he refus'd,
 And thus his peevishness excus'd,
 By saying, 'all that he did crave
 'Was only *Frederic's* bird to have :'
 In short he did so fret and cry,
 He tir'd the servants heartily.
 A child, whatever whim he takes,
 About it such a bustle makes,
 That if you'd have him hold his tongue
 You must indulge him, right or wrong.
 But now 'tis proper I should tell,
 Beside where *Frederic* did dwell,
 Five hundred yards from his retreat
Clitie possess'd a country seat,
 And where the child (as he was walking)
 About the bird might hear folks talking;
 They



They told him wonderful transactions,
 ' That never Falcon did such actions,
 ' And that no partridge in his fight
 ' Could hope to save himself by flight,
 ' That he kill'd *fores* each morning soon,
 ' And *dozens* every afternoon ;
 ' And that his master, they'd be bound
 ' Would not take for him *twenty pound*.'
 Matters thus circumstanc'd---who,
 Think you 'twas knew not what to do ?
 It was fair *Chitie*.---How could she
 With luckless *Fred'ric* make so free ?
 The only thing he had, to take---
 How durst she the proposal make ?
 With him she could no merit plead,
 Who had forsook him in his need ;
 Had paid him with ingratitude,
 Had been to him both proud and rude.
 With what a face could she repair
 To him to tell her story there ?

She



She had occasion'd his undoing,
 And was the reason of his ruin :--
 But then again, her boy declin'd,
 Wasted away and daily pin'd ;
 Refus'd all med'cine, and all food
 Rejected too, unless he cou'd
 Procure this Falcon---cry'd and rav'd,
 ' Without it he could not be sav'd : '
 And seeing other methods fail'd,
 His argument at length prevail'd.
 The Lady on a morning fair,
 Alone to *Frederic's* did repair :
 Her coach and servants left behind,
 And went on foot his hut to find.
 When she appear'd to *Frederic's* eyes,
 She seem'd an angel from the skies.
 But soon he grows asham'd and vex'd,
 And in his fancy sore perplex'd,
 That he no dinner could prepare,
 But what must be most homely fare.

And



And as he saw the Dame in trouble,
 His own confusion too grew double.
 At length, with agitated breast,
 He the fair widow thus address :
 ‘ What ! come to see the humblest slave
 ‘ That your transcendent beauties have ;
 ‘ A wretch despis’d, a lonely clown,
 ‘ A miserable rustic grown !
 ‘ You do such honour to this place,
 ‘ I fear it may yourself disgrace ;—
 ‘ You certainly have lost you way,
 ‘ And from your purpos’d visit stray ?’
 The widow said, ‘ to tell you true,
 ‘ Kind Sir, my visit’s meant to you ;
 ‘ And mean, I need no further say,
 ‘ To take pot-luck with you to-day.’
 ‘ Alas !’ says he with doleful look,
 ‘ I neither scullion have nor cook :
 ‘ What shall I get ? ’ ‘ Have you nò bread ?’
 With feign’d surprise the Lady said.
 Away

Away the Lover goes to work,
 To seek for eggs and look for pork :
 In this distrefs he cast his eye
 Upon his Falcon,---instantly
 His neck he twists, then plucks and fries him,
 Seasons, and all about he hies him :
 Whilst the *old woman* with her broom
 First sweeps the floor, then sands the room,
 And spreads (the table being set)
 The cleanest cloth that she could get ;
 Then goes (to hasten on my ballad)
 To cut some herbs to make a fallad :
 In little time the fricassée
 Was made as nice as nice could be.
 The Dame, who saw how matters stood,
 Eat, and declar'd it 'very good :'
 And by maternal fondness prest,
 Resolv'd to hazard her request ;
 Then whilst a blush o'er spreads her cheeks,
 In faltering accents thus she speaks :

' I am

' I am a fool, Sir, I confefs,
 ' Who come to add to your diftrefs
 ' Another blow---'tis hardly decent
 ' In me to ask you for a prefent,
 ' And from my ruin'd Lover take
 ' What does his fole diverfion make :
 ' He has no reafon, I agree,
 ' To feel the leaft concern for me ;
 ' But do not my request refufe,
 ' A mother in diftrefs, excufe ;
 ' My fon is haftening to his grave,
 ' And begs he may your Falcon have :
 ' I know indeed that my behaviour
 ' Has not deferv'd from you this favour ;
 ' I freely own impartial reafon
 ' Muft fay my fuit is out of feafon.

(The Conclusion in my next.)

ANOMALIAE.

No. 9.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19th. 1797.

THE FALCON. Concluded.

‘O N you no favours I bestow’d
‘ For all the tendernefs you show’d.
‘ Your ease, your honour, and your treasures
‘ You sacrific’d to *Clitic’s* pleasures.
‘ More than your life you valu’d me ;
‘ Such love I’ve us’d ungratefully :
‘ And I am come these wrongs to finish,
‘ Your little fortune to diminish ;
‘ To ask for---what---’tis losing time---
‘ Your Falcon,---no, ’tis such a crime,
‘ You can’t with this request comply---
‘ Rather let child and mother die
K ‘ Than



'Than take from you your only wealth,
 'In order to regain his health :
 'Then, without further words, permit
 'This mother sad your house to quit ;
 'Loving her dearest darling more,
 'Than ever woman did before,
 'Her only son, her only hope,
 'At least to give her sorrow scope;
 'She flies to you to seek relief,
 'And in your breast repose her grief.
 'You can by your experience prove,
 'How sharp the pangs and pains of Love :
 'You know it all, and in your mind
 'I shall a ready pardon find.'
 'Alas!' reply'd th'unhappy swain,
 'I'm then unfortunate again—
 'The Bird's no more!—as I'm a sinner,
 'You've had him fricassied to dinner.'—
 'The Bird's no more!' confus'd and pale
 The widow said 'is that your tale ?'
 'No,

'No,' reply'd he, 'and would to Heaven,

'I in his place my heart had given !

'But fortune plainly lets me see

'That in my power it ne'er will be

'To merit any grace from you,

'But bids to all my hopes adieu.

'Nothing was left within my stall,

'The beasts two days since eat up all :

'I saw the bird, and did not stay,

'But slaughter'd him without delay ;

'For when one has a queen to treat,

'Why calculate the price of meat ?

'All I can do for you, 's to find

'A Falcon of as good a kind ;

'Tis not so hard a thing to match,

'To-morrow we'll another catch.'

'No, *Frederic*,' she thus reply'd--

'I here declare I'm satisfy'd :

'You never did so truly prove

'To me before, how great your love.

*Let



‘ Let the Fates take away my son,
 ‘ Or not, the will of Heaven be done ;
 ‘ To you I’ll always grateful be,
 ‘ And hope you’ll come and visit me ;
 ‘ Again I say it and repeat it,
 ‘ Pray come and see us, I entreat it.’

Then unto him before she went,
 She did her lily hand present,
 Which was a sure and certain token,
 That love her stubbornness had broken.
 He kiss’d her hand ’midst hopes and fears;
 And bath’d it sometime with his tears.
 In two days time the young lad died,
 The doating mother fondly cry’d.
 But grief, however strong, will bend
 To consolation in the end ;
 So well two doctors did her treat,
 They shortly made the cure compleat ;
 If you would know their names in rhyme,
 The one was Love, the other Time.

With

With *Frederic* she in pompous show
 Did to the bridal altar go,
 Not to fulfil her obligation,
 But what is more, through inclination.

We must not here ourselves deceive,
 And from a tale like this believe
 We may our wealth and substance waste,
 And get it thus again replac'd ;
 Such truth all women do not show,
 Though they are charming things we know ;
 No finer creature you can spy
 Beneath th'expansion of the sky ;
 Not that they all are melting stuff,
 Some that I know are hard enough :
 When well they practise their dominion,
 I have of them the best opinion ;
 The rest, who have no need of me,
 For others' praises may go see.

THE following imitations from the same sprightly writer will supply the remainder of this paper, in which I am too far advanced to commence a new subject of disquisition.

Le JUGE de MESLE.

TWO Lawyers, wrangling in a suit,
 Perplex'd the Judge by long dispute:
 So very intricate it grew,
 He knew not which was false or true,
 Holding two straws of different size
 Beneath his fingers, 'Chuse,' he cries:
 The longest fell to the defendant,
 Who went his way, pleas'd with the end on't.
 The Court complains—the Judge replies,
 'Gentlemen, here no error lies:
 'My method, though it may be new,
 'Excels the method you pursue:
 'Far more incertain is the law,
 'Than drawing for the shortest straw.'



IMITATION from ANACREON.

GRACEFUL Painter, who can shew
What *Paphos* and *Cythera* view,
Though she's absent, prithee try
To describe her to my eye.
Thou say'st 'thou never didst her see ;'
So much better, friend, for thee.
In few words, and shortly too,
I will tell thee what to do :
Lillies first with roses join,
Then the loves and smiles combine.
But I may description spare,
From a Venus make my fair.
Then the likenesses all will strike,
Ne'er were features more alike :
And from beauty thus pourtray'd,
From perfection thus display'd,
Paphos and *Cythera* too,
May another Venus view.



The GLUTTON, from Athenæus.

AS a Glutton fat at table,
Eating fast as he was able,
He requir'd a Sturgeon fish
To be brought him in a dish
Which the table overspread,
Leaving nothing but the head.
He stuffs 'till he can cram no more,
Then for help begins to roar :
Of Physicians, soon a tribe,
Clysters did for him prescribe ;
And advis'd as he was ill,
Him direct to make his will.
' Friends,' the Glutton thus reply'd,
' I'll the matter soon decide :
' Since I must die, I do not doubt it,
' Make no more to do about it,
' Bring me in another dish,
' All that's wanting of my fish.'

ANOMALIAE.

No. 10.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26th. 1797.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

HOR.

IT is not without some degree of self-complacency that I find myself again at liberty to resume the serious tenor of diction, which it was my primary intention should designate these *hebdomadal* reveries of literary prolusion, and from which I have lately attempted to deviate in an assumed strain of imitative jocularity, intended to counteract a supposed propensity in them to an uninteresting gloominess, whose proclivity was augmented by its progression, and from which it was ne-

L cessary



cessary to relieve the attention by a stile of greater relaxation, without apprehension of exposing myself to that acumen of penetrative remark so conspicuous in a *mortified* critic, whose successful indagations have undoubtedly been rewarded by his own approbation, and whom we shall leave employed in the delectably amusing contemplation of his own perfections. It is undoubtedly my wish to produce to my readers frequent specimens of the agreeable, without omitting that which might possibly be considered as more essentially useful, wherever it might be pertinent to connect their combined powers with relative consistency of narration.

It is the part of ridiculous buffoonery to "labour for a joke;" and efforts to produce laughter, though often sufficiently successful to excite applause, are but rarely so fortunate



as to secure the more lasting praise of rational approbation, after serious discussion.

The emanations of genuine wit indeed, proceed not from artifice ; are not the consequence of a preconcerted arrangement of ideas, which being once agitated, like the serpents and rockets of the Pyrotechnist, surprise the uninitiated spectator by their brilliancy of illumination and their sudden violence of explosion. But to surprise, is not always to delight ; some wonderful performances are astonishingly disgusting when prolonged into tediousness. The mind, which catches eagerly at uncommon scenes of novelty, is as quickly satiated, if compelled to consider them with any protracted continuance of extraordinary duration, and reverts to its ordinary terms of expression and its customary train of ideas : There are, undoubtedly, some



some general principles whose application may be of universal utility, and whose relative value may be appreciated by the generality of mankind : But these, in coming home to mens' minds and busineses, as *Bacon* phrases it, are marked by an almost infinitude of relative discriminations, therefore their particular application must necessarily be submitted to individual discretion, which is not always sufficient to direct to a right determination. Hence arises so often the multifariousness of error, and the evil consequences of repeated mistake. So various are our situations, and so different the embarrassments we have to contend with, that it is almost impossible to discover a general rule, an indubitable criterion, by which a remedy equally applicable to each, might be composed, if we except the common-place maxims of patient
forbear-

forbearance.—Patience is indeed the Plenitude of Philosophy, recommended equally by the Divine and the Moralist; but this patience as it cannot easily be defined, so neither can it be acquired with the facility of common attainments. It requires a bodily frame regulated by strict and undeviating temperance, and a mental faculty directed by unprejudiced reason. But to be certain that the mental faculty is really directed by unbiassed reason, it will be necessary for us to consider, what is meant by the term, which is one of those few words of which we have rather an abstract, than a concrete idea,—having no form of substance, no imagery of sentiment, which we can connect with the expression; no absolute standard of judging, irrespective of time, place, and circumstance; from which, when collated with it, we may, by analogous
ratioci-



ratiocination, form candid and unprejudiced comparison. We see the fatal consequences of human turpitude too frequently exemplified before us, in the numerous instances of human misery; and we are still more frequently witnesses of the mischiefs produced by the errors of negligence, and the blunders of inconsideration.

The volume of instruction is unfolded before us,—the map of human life is expanded for our improvement; but our eyes are averted from the prospect, or we wilfully close them upon it. “To what end” will the volatile and lively reader exclaim, “are these dry apothegms of common-place declamation again brought forward before us? We have seen them before, and have before refused to look at them: We expected novelty of entertainment, and are presented with the stale
repre-



representations of antiquated reproof." By no means think so :—Ye sons of hilarity, enjoy your festivity ; ye daughters of gaiety, pursue your diversions : Cloud not the accidental sunshine of life with the gloominess of anxious foreboding. " Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."



*Com arte, e com engano,
Se vive meyo anno ;
Com engano. e com arte,
Se vive a outra parte.*

PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

Imitation.

By art and industry, 'tis clear
A man may live one half the year ;
Likewise by industry and art,
He may get through the other part :
Then why lament or be perplex'd ?
What serv'd this year will serve the next :
There's no occasion to complain,
What has done once will do again.

SONNET,

--O--

SUITS it thine elegance of taste refin'd,
 To be by vulgar, sensual joys debas'd ?
 Suits it the grandeur of thy towering mind,
 Thy noble self on low pursuits to waste ?
 Would'st thou, rejecting reason's mild controul,
 Each finer impulse of the soul despise ?
 Reel frantic from th' inebriating bowl,
 Or from the couch of lust exhausted rise ?
 No ; purer joys, more genuine bliss be thine,
 Bliss such as disembodied spirits know,
 In realms where everlasting glories shine,
 Surpassing far imperfect bliss below :
 Ah ! who would not perpetual joy to gain,
 In patient hope endure a temporary chain.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 11.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2d. 1798.

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec finit esse feros.*

Ov. Pont. II. 9.

'Tis liberal science meliorates mankind,
The manners softens, and improves the
mind.

IN contemplating the progressive improve-
ment of the ingenuous arts, we are almost in-
stinctively induced to observe the analogy
subsisting between them and the liberal scien-
ces; we perceive how they may be mutually
illustrative of each other,---how the produc-
tions of painting are elucidated by the de-

M scriptions

scriptions of poetry,---and observe the sublimest compositions of the latter, embellished by the professors of the graphic art. The loftiest flights of *Milton's* Muse acquire still more exalted elevation, when represented to the faculties of sight by the adventurous pencil of *Fuseli*, whose daring genius attempts the *romantic* and portrays ~~the~~ *terrible*, with an uncommon grandeur of wild imagination. Might not the following passage from *Dryden's* first ode on St. Cecilia's day, describing the origin of music, afford a subject for design, worthy the employment of that powerful pencil.

*When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around;
Then wondering, on their faces fell:
Less than a God, they thought there could
not dwell*

*Within the hollow magic of that sound,
Whose music spoke so sweetly and so well.*

The

—The various gradations of artless astonishment visible in the features of these primæval inhabitants of the Earth, to whom the powers of instrumental harmony had till then been undisclosed ; the glow of triumphant satisfaction which should discriminate the physiognomy of ~~the~~ artist himself, elated with and exulting in the discovery which he had made ; together with a wildness of scenery characteristic of that early age in which it may be ~~fancied~~ to have happened ; would, in the hands of so great a master as him we have mentioned, form a representation of an event which may be considered as a most memorable epocha in the annals of the sciences.

Superficial observers, whose minds are contracted by prejudice, and whose remarks are confined to the considerations of selfishness ; who cannot conceive any thing to be useful
which



which is not connected with the expectation of pecuniary profit ; who despise all instruction which has no tendency to enlarge their gains or diminish their expenditure, will not think any of these subjects worthy their consideration which hold out to them no means of either : To them the liberal arts are useless,---for them the Great Author of Nature has in vain displayed the magnificent scenes of the Universe ; and even the celestial mansions would by them be disregarded, if they were not told that the New Jerusalem was an accumulation of gold, and an inestimable repository of jewels :—Like the Mammon of *Milton*, they would find more pleasure in surveying the golden pavement of Heaven, than in the contemplation of the Divine Effulgence.—To such I write not ; but to those to whom every increase of the intellectual faculties,



culties, every additional idea, becomes a novel source from whence new streams of mental pleasure may be derived, and of which it is not in the power of mischievous malevolence to deprive them ; a consideration which, banishing all fear on that point, represses at the same time all anxiety : It is for these alone that the ingenuous arts offer their splendid banquet of scientific entertainment : But even the banquet of *Xenophon* was of limited duration.—The considerations of prudence, the plain and lively suggestions of what is aptly called common-sense, must not be neglected to indulge in an oblivious delirium, forgetful of the actual circumstances in which it has pleased the Divine Providence to station us : To the relative duties of that station, whatever it may be, let us sedulously apply ourselves ; as in so doing only can we be truly



truly sensible that we are really and properly exercising the appointed offices of life, thro' every vicissitude of which, however marked by misfortune or distinguished by calamity, there is always a propriety of conduct, a fitness of behaviour, which it may be in our power to practise and not beyond our abilities to support. This reflection might soften the rigour of adversity, and moderate the ardour of more inconsiderate prosperity, flushed with success and despising the probabilities of future vicissitude, faint in its appearance and distant in its prospect.



I shall endeavour to compleat the remainder of this paper, by inserting, for the entertainment of my Female readers, the following description of a Lady, by the celebrated *Barthelemy*.

CHA-

CHARACTER OF

PHEDIME,

VERSIFIED FROM THE

TRAVELS OF ANACHARSIS.

I To the consort of *Arfames* give
 That homage virtue may from truth receive.
 Her Genius to describe, her Wit make known,
 Would ask a genius equal to her own ;
 But even Wit like her's would not suffice,
 Her heart to portray free from every vice ;
 It would a soul of equal worth require,
 To paint the virtues which her mind inspire.

Phedime instantaneously discerns
 An object's difference, it's relations learns,
 The pure expression of a single word
 From her, can all description's charms afford.
 Sometimes she seems to *recollect* a thought,
 Altho' it springs spontaneous and untaught :
 From few ideas she would quickly find
 The history of the wanderings of the mind ;
 But could not from a thousand rules impart
 The various turns and wanderings of the heart ;

Her



Her own too pure such wanderings to conceive,
 Is fraught with too much goodness to believe.
 Without a blush she might her life review,
 The series of her thoughts and actions shew.
 'Tis she illustrates by example bright,
 The virtues make but one when they unite;
 And proves that virtue is the means most sure
 General esteem unenvied to procure.
 She adds to that calm intrepidity
 Which gives to character it's energy,
 An inexhaustible Beneficence,
 Active yet free from every proud pretence;
 Her soul, which deeds of goodness still em-
 ploy,
 Seems only to exist for others' joy.
 Of all ambitious thoughts she has but one;
 To please her husband is her aim alone.
 If in her youth when deck'd with matchless
 grace,
 She should have heard extoll'd her mien and
 face,
 And all those shining qualities display'd,
 Of which I here a feeble sketch have made,
 Less would she feel, less satisfy'd would seem,
 Than if her dear *Arfames* were the theme.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 12.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9th. 1798.

*Sal, fol, ren, splen, car, fer, vir, vas, vadis,
as, mas.*

PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

THE following lines were intended as a complimentary *New-Year's Gift* to a Lady ; an accident (not necessary to particularize) prevented their being received as such : They are offered to the Public in the hope that they may not prove unacceptable.

WITH what new numbers shall I hail
the day,

In what new strains my gratulations pay ?

N

Shall



Shall I with common compliments appear,
"A merry Christmas and a happy year?"
Or shall I aiming at a nobler prize,
Recite the triumphs of *Elvira's* eyes?
Predict what conquest on her beauty waits,
The bright presages of her smiling fates;
Or raise the monitory voice of truth,
In friendly caution to direct her youth,
Shew her how adulation spreads the snare,
And bid that unsuspecting youth beware?
Would not the gift more estimable prove
Than the pert phrase of fashionable love?
O fair, O graceful, listen to my lay,
No trivial gallantries I mean to say;
Request not an uninterrupted health,
Increasing beauty and augmented wealth;
Incomparable charms or matchless wit,
Let Heaven bestow or not, as Heaven thinks
fit;

But

oooooooooooooooooooo

But Heaven's best boon, it's earliest gift re-
tain,

Unfullied let your innocence remain ;
So shall your mind devoid of guilty fear,
Find a rich present each returning year.
With self-approving peace of mind be blest ;
And trust to God's good Providence the rest.
But think not Truth's fair features always
wear

Reproof's grave aspect and the look severe,
Even Truth appears with most engaging grace
When represented with a smiling face :
Virtue to chearfulness is near allied,
Harshness and spleen originate in pride ;
Religion cries, ' Malevolence remove,'
And *Christ's* pure precepts teach fraternal
love :

Let fly Hypocrisy and bigot Zeal
In guise austere depravity conceal ;

Let

Let true devotion raise her chearful voice,
 And with the Great Apostle say "Rejoice."
 Your moderation let mankind observe,
 Nor think in this you from your duty swerve:
 Not that false mirth lascivious riot shows,
 When she with *ivy* garlands binds her brows,
 But that serenity, mild, calm, and kind,
 With which Religion fortifies the mind,
 Rebukes resentment and represses strife,
 And bears with patient hope the ills of life ;
 Propp'd and supported by sustaining grace
 With resignation runs th' appointed race ;
 By guilt unterrified resigns her breath
 Thro' faith triumphant o'er the dart of death.
 But lighter measures suit your blooming years,
 Your spring of life bedeck'd with flowers ap-
 pears,
 O may those flowers thro' life perennial last,
 Nor feel the blight of sorrow's chilling blast.

Let



Let fancy through imagination view,
 What happiness Heaven has in store for you.
 Let others bind the neck with pearls, and
 wear

Brilliants in either perforated ear,
 With artificial bloom the cheek dislain,
 And sweep the pavement with a filken train,
 With such illecebrations try to move

Proud opulence to interested love ;
 For me I higher prize the modest maid
 Who comes in sweet simplicity array'd,
 Whose downcast eyes for no admirers seek, •
 Who owes to Nature's hand her ruddy cheek.

Almeria cries, ' I'm very much afraid,

' You'll hardly meet this antiquated maid,

' Like nothing but herself in shape and fea-
 'ture,

' All Britain cannot show so queer a creature.

' 'Tis all a fiction of your own contriving,

' I'm very sure there's no such woman living:

' You



' You oft mistake impertinence for wit,
 ' And there your vanity is always bit ;
 ' Whate'er you write, there's few to read can
 ' bear,
 ' Whate'er you say, there's not a foul will
 ' hear ;
 ' So hold your peace and throw your pen away,
 ' You know you've been once mortified they
 ' say,
 ' Therefore take heed which way your foot-
 ' steps tend,
 ' The *Amphisbaena* * bites at either end,
 ' And if the poison of his jaw should fail,
 ' He strikes th'unwary traveller with his tail.'

My charming counsellor I hold it due,
 My obligations to express to you ;
 To let these wits alone I think it best,
 Who with a kicking recompence a jest :

I would

* *An American Serpent.*



I would not rouse *Howludo's* frothy rage,
 Nor yet with fiery *Capsicum* engage,
 And anxious to avoid a brawling fray,
 To *muckle Sawney* I would yield the way.
 Black with dire clouds denouncing fate I see
 A revolutionary committee ;
 The dark Divan is just prepar'd to sit,
 A judicature that does ne'er acquit ;
 Already they anticipate the scene,
 And elevate the fancied Guillotine ;
 A Guillotine for Me, you make me smile,
 So mean a victim is not worth their while ;
 Let them to show their prowess and their wit
 Affright *Dundas* and metamorphose *Pit* ;
 But an unlucky Rhymer they may spare,
 Like a Camelion feeding upon air ;
 A mess of æther that is quickly carv'd,
 On such light diet he will soon be starv'd.
 Enough of levity,-----My muse again
 Resumes the serious tenor of her strain,
And



And taught malicious censure to contemn,
Will waste no time that censure to *condemn*,
Content to finish where she did commence,
Makes to applause no arrogant pretence :
In humble meekness with submission bends,
And candour's verdict placidly attends :
So the poor hedge-hog scar'd by wanton boys
With staves, and pebbles, and unmeaning noise,
Contracting to a ball his prickly skin,
Hopes to be shelter'd from the senseless din.
Sure such a simple simile as this,
There's none so captious as to take amiss.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 13.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16th. 1798.

Tot, quot, et omnes---

Tag, rag, and bobtail.

THERE's no one likes a fool that's serious,

'Tis to good humour deleterious ;

Will Dickinson and Tommy Skerry,

Those are the bards to make folks merry :

They bawl without *palav'ring parley,*

"Come buy my straw," and "O rare Charley : "

O

But

But as for that poor stupid fellow,
 Who's always drunk but never mellow,
 I mean that ANOMALIAN fool
 (An afs who try'd to keep a school),
 He's been so plaster'd, they report,
 That to speak truth he's A-la-Mort :
 His brains, if ever he had any,
 (Tho' those who think so are not many)
 Are now become so loofe and addle,
 He's fit for nothing but a cradle,
 There but contrive to keep him rocking,
 He may not prove so very shocking :
 And yet the fellow made pretence, fir,
 To dub himself the public cenfor ;
 Had impudence ('tis said) enough
 To print defamatory stuff ;
 Profanely ventur'd to suppose
 A man might follow his own nose,
 And fet, without exciting laughter,
 One foot before and 't'other after :
—Why

—Why this was blasphemy and treason,
Quite opposite to common reason ;
Sure such an unabash'd deceiver
Must be a wicked unbeliever ;
He should by all mankind be flouted,
By boys and barbers* hiss'd and hooted ;
Each one on him should *run his rig*,
From *Hagalyth* to *Spital Brigg* :
He must be reckon'd odd and queer,
From *Stone-quay* to the *Fort* and *Pier*.
Can any be so strangely stupid
Out of *three half-pence* to be duped ?
A Good Three Halfpence ! that might buy
Of *Skerry's* Wife a Mutton Pye ;
Purchase a haddock and a half,
Or chitterling of sucking calf ;
With anniseed might cure the gripes,
Or get a charming dish of tripes.

But

* *Lippis et Tonforibus.*

JUVENAL.

But this is something quite contrary,
 And can to none be necessary.
 I'd have, if I could have my way,
 These scribbling fools all sent away ;
 To *New South Wales* they all should travel,
 Or on the *Thames* raise sand and gravel,
 There to be taught by stripes and fetters
 Not to be saucy to their betters,
 There they might hear the *Darbies* chiming,
 To their melodious ballad rhyming.
 But tho' we cannot make a law
 To keep these vicious curs in awe,
 Yet we can set a popinjay,
 To travestie whate'er they say :
 On every coast the Mock-bird's known,
 Nor is it wanting in this town ;
 Indeed there's no society
 That is from this intruder free ;
 In every street you may it trace,
 As well as in the Market-Place ;

It



It is indeed so very clever,
 Thro' every age it lives for ever.
 A sailer, who upon the shroud
 Sees mother Carey's curfed brood,
 Thrusting his tongue along his jaw
 Turns o'er his stale tobacco chaw,
 And swears with many an oath and curse,
 "E'er night the weather will be worse:"
 Poor Jack if unconsol'd by gin,
 Casts many a weather-beaten grin,
 As he perceives in windward skies
 The clouds in black succession rise.
 But what's all this to us? you say,---
 A little patience have, I pray.
 Tho' not unlike a foolish gander,
 From Dan to Beersheba I wander,
 With fruitless toil and labour vain,
 I'll warrant we'll get back again.
 If you by chance should ever pop
 Your head into a Tailor's shop,

And



And see---the fight would make you stare,
 A groupe of Politicians there,
 Who likewise are at times, by fits,
 Sagacious fatirists and wits,
 Take to your heels and run away---
 There's danger always in delay.
 If in a field you see a bull
 With a board fasten'd on his scull,
 Think not the board the bull adorns,
 'Tis to secure you from his horns :
 So do not wish to peep behind it,
 'Twill be far better not to mind it.
 Thus when I see a Critic's nob
 Casting it's eyes round for a job,
 There's something monitory teaches,
 'Twill not be safe to make long speeches,
 But stealing past with features glum
 I hear and tremble at his hum,
 'Till having once got past the danger,
 I feel as gay as honest *Ranger* :

' Why

' Why, Ranger, ' sober people say,
 ' Is a loose fellow in a play ;
 ' And can you be so void of shame
 ' In such a work a rake to name ?
 ' O lud, I'm quite surpris'd, Miss Prue,
 ' Such shocking stuff will never do ;
 ' You'll find more promising prognostics
 ' In Rebuffes and smart Acrostics,
 ' By which you might in verse proclaim
 ' The Letters of a Lady's name ;
 ' And if you understood your trade,
 ' Give us at times a smart Charade :
 ' Your subjects all are dull and frightful,
 ' But things like these would be delightful :
 ' If thus you would your manners mend,
 ' Perhaps you might not want a friend,
 ' One who might help you in your need,
 ' And that you know's a friend indeed.'
 ' You know that every careful student
 ' Should not be wittier than prudent,

' Nor

' Nor hang himself with too much rope---
 ' He'd better at the half-way stop,
 ' And sit him down in ease and quiet
 ' Than get intangled in a riot,
 ' Be recompenc'd with kicks and blows,
 ' With basted ribs and bloody nose,
 ' Like a cow'd cur shrink from the scene,
 ' And clap his tail his legs between.'

R E B U S.

I'll sing of a maid whom I saw in the street,
 I'm sure such another you scarcely can meet,
 Attend my instructions, and they will pro-
 claim
 If rightly you take them, this Paragon's name:
 If you add to the term of five-quarters of mea-
 sure
 Two-fifth parts of error, in which there's no
 pleasure,
 And close by a trite preposition the same,
 'Tis a hundred to one but you guess at her
 name.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 14.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23d. 1798.

Stultitia, invidia et sapientia defidia atque.
QUÆ GENUS.

*Folly and malice, indolence and wit,
There's something here sure every taste to hit.*

THIS ANOMALIAE is a dish
Compos'd of neither flesh nor fish,
And there's no falsehood in averring
It is not made of good red herring ;
It is in short nor saint nor devil,
A little good, a little evil :

P

I do

I do not like his parables,
 Nor his Hendecasyllables;
 By parallels I mean to say,
 The similes he brings in play,
 With which he makes his garrifons
 By horn-work of comparifons :
 He's like a fellow fast asleep laid,
 Knows not a carrot from a sheep's head,
 And tho' sometimes he'll spout and rant away
 Words fit to frighten *Garagantua*.*
 You'll find in them there's nothing arch
 meant,
 'Tis like roast pig, all snout and parchment.
 For me I like those jolly fellows,
 Who sing *old Rose* and *burn the bellows* :
 But as for that dull thing a Sonnet,
 I cannot bear to think upon it ;
 And those dry cramping dissertations,
 Are poor pedantic proclamations,

That

* *The Hero of Rabelais' Romance.*

That cannot men of sense amuse,
 Quite out of vogue and out of use :
 Were he indeed a judge of dogs,
 Or did he speculate in hogs ;
 Could he advance the price of bacon,
 Then his opinion might be taken :
 Could he harangue 'midst clouds of smoke O,
 In praise of *Hutton's Oroonoko* ;
 Could he invent a merry tale
 By addling of his brains with ale ;
 Or would he try in numbers lyric,
 To write on gin a panegyric ;
 Or did there in his crazy block lie
 As much good sense as there's in *Hockley*
I' the Hole, that ancient son of Crilpin,
 There might be wisdom in his lisping ;
 I'd lay Three-Halfpence out myself
 To have his volume on my shelf.
 The Lilliputians who kept pestering
 The great Man-mountain *Quinbus Flestrin*,
An



And saw him gasping like a Sea Gull,

Shouted aloud "*Hekinah Degul*;"

The Giant p---sing as he lay,

With the salt stream swept them away.

'But what is all this noise and fuss,

'I pray you, mighty fir, to us ?

'You are not mad enough to dream

'You'll drown our wits in such a stream ?

'You in the mud may gape and flounder,

'But we have qualities much sounder :

'Do you compare our wits to pigmies ?

'You'll find they are not gnats, but big flies,

'And some of them may chance to sting you,

'I'm sure a merry peal they'll ring you.'

'T would cause a devotee to grin,

If you should place a corking pin

With the point upwards, in his chair,

'T would be uneasy fitting there :

Suppose

Suppose a man they call *Nat Wright*,
 Who us'd to keep the watch at night,
 Whom late I saw of thought quite full fir,
 In a stone mortar pounding sulphur,
 Should be employ'd by Justice Warrant
 To scourge your back like a rogue errant,
 Tho' you might think the dance was painful,
 To Master *Natty* 't would be gainful;
 Tho' you were sore in every bristle,
Natty composedly would whistle.
 Suppose a fisherman has nick'd you,
 And with stale ling or haddock trick'd you,
 Tho' you look sour, he blithe and gay
 Will in his coble row away,
 And think he's got superior sense,
 From having chous'd you of your pence.
 The farmer's wife who sells her butter,
 Will about rents and taxes mutter ;

If

If you dispute it's weight in ounces,
 How furiously she storms and bounces :
 But must those fellows who scrawl paper
 Think themselves qualify'd to vapour ?
 They 're arrogant and overbearing,
 And take delight themselves in hearing.
 ' But pray what means this mighty fuss,
 ' Or what the deuce is it to us ?
 ' You'd better be employ'd in labour,
 ' Than try to scandalize your neighbour ;
 ' I'd sooner swing a blacksmith's hammer,
 ' Or tofs about a pavior's rammer,
 ' Than like a blockhead sit inditing,
 ' To get a pot of ale by writing.'
 Tho' you should treacle blend with mustard,
 I think it would not make a custard ;
 And vinegar, tho' mix'd with oil
 Will never to a jelly boil ;

Nor

Nor will a marmalade of tripes
 Prove a specific for the gripes :
 Yet sure the points of artichokes
 Are in the gullet prickly jokes.
 What though a Tailor cabbage fed,
 May give his thanks for daily bread,
 And whilst the pilfering sheers he plies
 Believes himself uncommon wise ;
 Yet a fanatic preacher's nonsense
 Causes a tremor in his conscience,
 'Till he beholds in dire surprise,
 Old Belzebub before his eyes ;
 And groans to think 't will be his fate
 Sometime or other, soon or late,
 In a hot brimstone pot to dwell,
 Like his own cabbage, sent to *Hell* :
 He feels a transient compunction,
 But will not therefore quit his function,

Knowing

Knowing the parings of his cloth
 Will serve to season well his broth.
 And I, who trespass on your time
 With tiresome prose and tedious rhyme,
 Corrected, put my ink-horn by,
 And lay my pen aside to dry ;
 Then scratching my unfurnish'd pate
 Pray for more grace if 'ts not too late--
 'Alas,' you say, ' Poor Reprobate.'

REBUS.

Since you importune me in verse to declare,
 The name of a Nymph with whom few can
 compare.
 First take, what I'm fearful both you and I
 want,
 'Tis what our old Nurfes wish'd God might
 us grant ;
 Add next to the Sailor in Congreve's fam'd
 play,
 (Who sings *Buxom Joan*, and who blusters a-
 way)
 The Masculine offspring of every fire ;
 And then you'll compleat the name you re-
 quire.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 15.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30th. 1798.

*Crede Mili, bene qui latuit, bene vixit, et intra
Fortunam debet quisque manere suam.*

OVID TRIST. iii. 4. 25.

*Trust me, he well has liv'd who liv'd retir'd,
Who ne'er above his humble lot aspir'd,
And every one should circumscribe his mind
Within the bounds his fortune has assign'd.*

SUCH have been the unseasonable reflections of the disappointed votaries of ambition, in every age, when baffled in their eagerness of expectation, and obstructed in their projects of advancement; experience compels

Q

them

them to pronounce those truths, they had so long affected to disbelieve ; then (like the fallen courtier, the adulating Poet who has supplied me with this day's motto) they sink into servile and enervating dejection of spirit, or by way of retaining some consequence to themselves, arrogate from their very errors the pretensions of directing the conduct of other people, as the prodigal who has squandered his substance, congratulates himself upon the *knowledge of the world*, which he has acquired at the expence of his fortune and constitution, and shines amidst the yet uninitiated striplings, by the recital of the difficulties from which his subtlety and address have so often extricated him.—But I am widely deviating from the consideration of that Thesis which I intended to make the principal foundation of my present reflections, by considering

considering abstractedly the sentiments of *Ovid*, irrespective of the writer of them.

To be contented with our own calling, that is, cheerfully to do our duty in that station of life to which the circumstances of our situation require us to conform, is not merely a moral, it is in some measure also a religious duty, at least it is a duty early inculcated by the teachers of Religion, and which (were it truly attended to) would supersede the necessity of any farther precept; but it requires some more particular illustration than can be conveyed by general precept, and is most forcibly pointed out in its consequences by instances of familiar example.—It is indeed so beaten a path that I am now treading, that it is scarcely possible for me (if I may be allowed the use of metaphor) to avoid the steps of my precursors.

Of

Of the advantages of innocent retirement in preserving the mind free from the pollutions of indiscriminate society, whole volumes have been written already and distributed to the world, recommended by men eminent for wisdom, and sanctified by others venerable for piety. It is worth while here to stop and enquire what good has been produced by these endeavours : Have they diminished the crimes of individuals ; or have they increased the comforts of the generality ? Have the minds of men become more enlightened ; or are their manners more improved ? — Yes, it may be truly answered, they are in general so, though particular instances of atrocious depravity continue to be numerous.

The general state of mankind is improved by that facilitated intercourse which the remotest Nations now find means to carry on with

with each other. Commerce, though perhaps originally begun from motives of selfish views, has above every other medium of intercourse contributed to alleviate the wants, and soften their ferocity. Hard fate of man, that he has need of the motives of selfishness to prompt him to entertain sentiments of benevolence ! I am not one of those defamers of the human species who resolve every passion into different modifications of self love, who deny the existence of charity, and assert all our actions have a tendency to selfish gratification :—I believe that the liberal emotions of a generous mind are emanations of that pure spirit with which it has pleased the divine Omniscience to animate the children of the dust.

I. CORIN-

I. CORINTHIANS, XIII. 1—8.

Paraphrased.

THOUGH matchless eloquence adorn'd
 my tongue,
 And from my lips angelic accents sprung,
 Vain would all these for my salvation prove,
 Without the powerful attribute of Love,
 My fleeting hours all uselessly would pass,
 Like tinkling Cymbals or like sounding Brass :
 What tho' the gifts of Prophecy were mine,
 All Mysteries and Science to divine ;
 Tho' my strong faith could bid the mountains move,
 I yet am nothing, if I have not Love.
 Tho' on the Poor my substance I bestow,
 And give my body in the flames to glow,
 Yet if in thoughts of Charity I fail,
 How little would those specious works avail.

Love

Love suffereth long, Love is exceeding kind,
 Love envies not,---nor bears a scornful mind,
 Behaves not rudely, seeketh not her own,
 Thinketh no ill, is not to anger prone,
 Does not in deeds iniquitous rejoice,
 But Truth, celestial Truth is still her choice;
 All things she bears, and all things she be-
 lieves,
 Hopes and endures, and quietly receives.
 Unceasing Love for ever shall prevail,
 Tho' language cease, and Prophecies should
 fail,
 Tho' human science vanish quite away
 (Like morning mists before the solar ray).

REBUS-



REBUS-ACROSTIC.

If from initial letters you would see
 A beauteous damsel's name, use these with
 me :
 Take first the subtlest of the four-foot kind,
 To this let next what mortals breathe, be
 join'd ;
 Then the first stage of life in order place,
 And next the opposite to smoothness trace ;
 That passion next which reason's aid betrays,
 And what a generous spirit ne'er displays,
 Add the first letter of a Grecian scold---
 So may you soon this fair one's name behold.



REBUS.

Four fifths of the colour which naturalists say
 Is the only one Nature does really display,
 To which add the obsolete word for a dwell-
 ling--
 There can then be no trouble my Rebus in
 telling.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 16.

TUESDAY, FEBRAURY 6th. 1798.

THIS Fellow's turn'd a mere buffoon,
 His serious dulness ended soon ;
 Indeed I'm not surpris'd at that,
 He has not sense to catch a sprat ;
 He is so perfectly a *Goose-cap*,
 His brains would never bait a mouse-trap,—
 One of the superficial fort,—
 Ten such would hardly make a M***.
 These scribblers are, to speak what's true,
 Upon the whole—a vagrant crew :

R

Sherry,



Skerry, as *his own* legends say,
 Fed Tygers at *Trincomalee* ;
 And *Anomaliae* well we know
 Was fed on *Chow-Chow** at *Macoa* :
 A man may know, yet be no witch,
 Brimstone and lard will cure the itch ;
 But, rousing from this waking dream,
 Let us pursue another theme ;
 And for our readers let us try
 What woeful stuff we can supply :
 I hope there's neither Whig nor Tory
 Will be offended with my story,
 Tho' dull as that of *Jacky Nory*.



Once at *St. Lucar Barrameda*,
 A place, where if you chance to need a
 Priest, you may easily find twenty,
 Ecclesiasticks are in plenty ;

I knew

* *Refuse, Offal, Food of the worst sort.*

I knew a Friar call'd *Tom Perrin*,
 (I think his name I do not err in)
 This *Tom* although he wore a hood
 Was a plain lad of manners good ;
 Indeed to set the matter right,
 He was no more than *Acolyte*,
 A sort of journey-jobbing priest,
 Who waits upon the *master beast*,
 Who holds the *Ritual* and *Psalter*,
 And lays the *Pyx* upon the Altar ;
 And lighting all the tapers round,
 Stoops his shav'd noddle to the ground ;
 When chearful with his morning glafs
 The bloated priest performs the *Mass*,
 Then *Tommy* with the censor goes
 And fumigates his pontiff nose.
 This *Tom* a wond'rous tale would tell
 About a Virgin in a Well,

That

That was indeed a Virgin good,
 Which might be true, for she was *wood*,
 And not compos'd of flesh and blood. }
 She had lain there *a thousand year*, }
 Having (as I the story hear)
 From Moorish ruffians fled, for fear }
 They should respect not her Divinity,
 But act a rape on her virginity ;
 And yet her 'kerchief and her ruffles,
 Her petticoats and her pantouffles,
 Were full as cleanly and as neat
 As you can buy in Monmouth street :
 Now *Tom* consider'd this so odd
 He thought the miracle from God,
 Whilst I,—(*a wicked wight at best*)
 With no small pains a laugh suppress.
 And yet this *Tom* though superstitious,
 Could see the *Spanish* wives were vicious :
 ' There's many a sanctified Signora,'
 Says he, ' who worships Madam *Flora*.' 'O

‘O pray’ said I, ‘don’t sound that trumpet,
 ‘Why, *Flora* was a common strumpet!’
 But *Tom* went on, ‘There’s our *Rufina*
 ‘Whom you esteem an *Infantina*,
 ‘That black-ey’d *Catalonian* wench
 ‘Can tell a salmon from a tench;—
 ‘Nor think your fine *Sevillhana**
 ‘A spotless vot’ress of *Diana*,
 ‘Her beauty is deriv’d from paint,
 ‘And she is inwardly no saint.’—
 ‘Pray *Tom*,’ said I, ‘don’t me perplex,
 ‘I hate to satirise the sex,
 ‘And had much rather they’d deceive me,
 ‘Than do them wrong, you may believe me:
 ‘I’d doff, if I were you, my frock,
 ‘And let the hair grow on my block.’
 ‘You think,’ said he, ‘we have no wives,
 ‘And therefore lead unsocial lives,—

‘You’re

* *A female native of Seville.*



Like a French Harlequin* we tickle,
 Ourselves to merriment to tickle,
 And satisfied with the delusion,
 Think seriousness a dull intrusion;
 Smile at the images we raise
 In self conceit to our own praise;
 Discovering—by a new invention,
 That we do all with good intention,
 Ourselves of selfishness acquit,
 And quickly each excuse admit.



CHARADE.

My first is an obstraction reckon'd,
 Half a nut's core compos'd my second;
 My whole will form a Lady's name,
 Which you may easily proclaim.

* *Harlequin tickling himself into laughter is a well-known piece of Wit in the French Theatre.*

ANOMALIAE.

No. 17.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13th. 1798.

*Subtrahit hæc fantem torta vertigine fluctus,
Ultima quæ Paeto voxque diesque fuit.*

PROPERT. L. III. E. 4.

*Whilst speaking thus the eddy suck'd him down,
And his last words and latest day were known.*

“**T**HOU shalt not swim against the stream,” says the adage, and I shall without reluctance comply with the admonition contained in it, and desist from any further attempt to obtrude these papers upon the public attention, since the Public deems them

S unworthy



unworthy of its notice ; and though this consequence was easy to have been foreseen, and was in reality predicted to be the certain result of this injudicious undertaking, injudicious, as made by one who from former experiment ought to have been conscious of the inadequacy of his limited abilities to excite attention or awaken curiosity: Yet he was easily induced by the persuasions of well-meaning, but mistaken acquaintance (such is the influence of self-love), to venture to incur the severest of all censures, neglect and contemptuous sarcasm,---without chance of any eventual compensation, without hope of acquiring reputation, without the most distant prospect of obtaining pecuniary recompense. A work commenced under circumstances so inauspicious foreboded no fortunate termination in its conclusion. The partiality
of

of Friendship inciting him to literary enterprise has already more than once engaged the writer of the foregoing sheets in the intricacies of a disagreeable and perplexing dilemma :

*Nor had I thus deplor'd inglorious days,
Nor disappointment would so sad appear,
Had I ne'er known the flattering voice of praise,
Nor to th' unmeaning "Euge" lent mine ear.*

But it is those errors which are not yet irreparable that we should endeavour to correct, and not exhaust ourselves in unavailing efforts to recover what time and distance, or other circumstances, may have rendered irretrievable by resipiscence : Of time there can be no retrogression ; though the ardour of our imagination may often anticipate futurity by visions of fancied enjoyment, and dreams of ideal distress, yet we are all so instinctively convinced of the impossibility of recalling

recalling the *past*, that the most sanguine imagination never indulges in the delusive expectation of it;--it is not so with the advancing scenes of futurity, which seem preparing to meet us: Upon these visions the human mind expatiates with the eagerness of hope, or surveys them with the shudderings of aversion: The past is no more,---the present passes whilst we name it: It is the future then to which of consequence the recollection of humanity must be directed, through the windings of doubtfulness and the wanderings of error, the solitudes of anxiety, the ardours of desire, the embarrassments of fear, and the evils attendant upon imbecility. Indeed our whole continuance upon this *nether sphere*, if we estimate it rightly, ought to be considered merely as a temporary scene of preparatory probation necessary for 'us to pass through, by the immutable decrees of an eternal

eternal and superintending Providence, before we can attain to that purified state of permanent felicity, which that beneficent Providence, the Great Author of Nature, has prepared as the reward of virtue, in the plenitude of his wisdom and the immensity of his power. These reflections may perhaps seem too serious to be introduced amidst the desultory matter casually scattered in a paper of literary amusement; but if they should happily prove the means of giving energy to rectitude of thought in the minds of the very few who will read them, *the writer* will not think his time and ink bestowed in vain. Swayed by no motives of vanity, prompted by no views of interest, he unreluctantly withdraws to that friendly, though contracted circle of retirement, where alone he can expect the humble productions of his pen to be tolerated by the indulgence of amity.—

He

["A wife man," says the Italian Proverb,
 "changes his mind frequently ; a fool never will." I do not pretend to assume the former appellation, and shall scarcely be liable to the imputation of the second from inflexibility. In the former part of this essay, the reader will observe me to have almost come to a conclusion of concluding (excuse the pun) these Essays : A variety of circumstances have induced me, even in the short interval of writing, to indulge in the inclination of continuing it, at least of trying to protract the term of its final cessation to a more distant period, if the public attention encourage me so to do.]

REBUS.

To one-half of the thief who by force steals
 from you,
 ('Tis a comical mode of beginning 'tis true,) c
 If you add three-fourths of a musical lay,
 'Twill the name of an elegant Lady display.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 18.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th. 1798.

I Shall present for the entertainment of such of my Readers as may be favourable to *Scriptural Poetry*, the following Version of what is said by many learned men of high reputation, to be the most ancient Poetical Piece extant : It is the Song of MOSES and of MIRIAM, which in triumphant exultation they offered to the Lord Jehovah, the God of Israel, upon the shores of the Arabian Gulph, after their miraculous deliverance from the hosts of PHARAOH and the bondage of the

T

EGYPT

EGYPTIANS: And perhaps in loftiness of imagery and sublimity of expression it has never been exceeded by any later composition,—though I am conscious that it must undergo great debasement in being paraphrased by one who presumes not to state himself as equal to the task.

EXODUS, XV. Chap. 1. V.

THEN ISRAEL'S tribes with Moses homage paid
To Great Jehovah's mighty Power, and said;
I to the Lord will raise my cheerful song,
For to his triumph glorious strains belong;
He has his power on horse and rider shown,
Into th' o'erwhelming sea them both has thrown:
The Lord's my strength, the subject of my lays,
My great salvation and my theme of praise;
He is my God, his dwelling I'll prepare,
My Father's God and I'll his praise declare:

The



The Lord himself's a captain of the war,
 THE LORD'S his mighty name, renown'd afar ;
 He in the sea immers'd proud PHARAOH's boasts,
 His chieftains, chariots, and embattled hosts ;
 Sunk all their prowels in th' abyfs profound,
 In the Red Sea his chofen captains drown'd ;
 O'er their proud heads the watery depths did swell,
 Like a thrown stone they to the bottom fell :
 O Lord ! thy right hand is in power renown'd,
 It crush'd thy foes and did their power confound ;
 Yes, in thine all-excelling greatness, thou
 Didst make thy mightiest adversaries bow,
 Thy wrath went forth and their destruction doom'd,
 Like parched stubble they were quick consum'd ;
 At the dread blast which from thy nostrils blew,
 In heaps the congregated waters grew :
 Ereft in pillar'd heaps the billows flood,
 Thow even in Ocean's heart congeal'd the flood ;
 I (cry'd the foe, elate with tumid pride),
 Will chafe, o'ertake them, and the spoil divide,
 'Till my heart's luft on them be satisfy'd :

I will



I will unsheath the far-destroying steel,
 And they the vengeance of my arm shall feel.—
 Thou with thy wind, thy mighty wind ! didst blow,
 The sea immers'd them its dark depths below,
 O'er them the far-extending billows spread,
 They in the mighty waters sunk like lead.
 O where, O God ! shall we thine equal see,
 What other God can be compar'd with thee ?
 O who like thee in holiness renown'd !
 So prais'd for dealing wonders all around :
 Thou didst O Lord, thy dread right arm extend,
 The yawning Earth did strait her bosom rend,
 They did absorbed in the chasm descend.
 Thou thy redeem'd didst forth in mercy lead,
 For them thy holy habitation spread,
 And with thy strength secur'd from harm and dread.
 The trembling nations with dismay shall hear,
 And PALESTINA shake with guilty fear ;
 In chill amazement EDOM's dukes shall freeze,
 Whilst MOAB's trembling chiefs their dukedom seize ;
 CANAAN's domes shall find a quick decay,
 And all her numerous nations melt away ;

Dir



Dire fear and terror shall their tribes surround,
 They fall like silent stones upon the ground ;
 Until thy people are from perils free,
 Thy people Lord, redeem'd and bought by thee.
 Thou, mighty Lord ! shall bring thy people in,
 In thine own mountains their repose begin,
 Even in the place thou for thy mansion made,
 The sanctuary thine own hands have laid.
 The Lord himself his kingdom shall maintain,
 He shall for ever, and for ever reign ;
 For Pharoah's horse, his chariot, and his train
 Of martial horsemen, sunk beneath the main,
 The Lord on them brought the sea waves again ;
 But ISRAEL's sons by power Almighty led,
 As if on dry land, walk'd the seas deep bed.
 Then Miriam, Aaron's hallowed sister came,
 Her glowing bosom felt prophetic flame ;
 The trembling Timbrel quiver'd in her hand
 (She led the chorus of the vocal band) ;
 Attendant damsels made the Timbrel sound ;
 And with reponsive dances beat the ground :



Thus

Thus Miriam answer'd, Sing in grateful lays
 To God's dread Majesty the hymn of praise;
 The song of matchless triumph, for 'twas He,
 O'erwhelm'd both Horse and Rider in the sea.

HABAKUK, C. III. V. 3—7.

FROM *Teman* God's ethereal brightness
 shone,

From *Paran's* mountain came the Holy ONE;
 The Heaven's were cover'd with his Glory's
 blaze,

And all the earth replenish'd with his praise.
 His vast effulgence like the beams of light,
 In convulsions struck the dazzled sight;
 From his right hand the *crescent* horns arose,
 Which did the secrets of his power disclose.
 The Pestilence his dread procession led,
 And burning coals before his feet were spread.

He

He stood and measur'd earth's remotest bound,
 He saw and sundered far the nations round ;
 The everlasting mountains scatter'd wide,
 The hills perpetual bow'd their lofty pride, }
 For *everlastingly* his ways abide.
 Through *Cushan's* tents I saw affliction spread,
 And *Midian's* curtains shake with guilty dread.

REBUS:

Of Great Apollo's mother take the name,
 (I mean th' initial letter of the same,)
 Of him whose music rais'd the Theban Wall,
 And Her's whom we the first of Muses call ;
 (Nor Her's who dictates strains of tender
 love)

That stage of life when we its passion prove :
 From these first letters in arrangement join'd,
 You may a pleasing damsel's surname find.

AIRS,

AIRS, from the SPANISH.

IN the DEVIL UPON STICKS.

Ardo y lloro sin sosiego:

Llorando y ardiendo tanto,

Qui ni el llanto apago el fuego,

Ni el fuego consumo el llanto.

IMITATED.

IN never-dying fire I burn,
With never-ceasing tears I mourn ;
Nor will these tears which fill mine eyes
To quench this wasting flame suffice,
Nor will that lingering fire supply
Sufficient heat those tears to dry.

IN GIL BLAS.

Ay de mi ! un ano felice

Parece un soplo ligero :

Pero sin dicha un instante

Es un figlo di tormento.

IMITATED.

AH, woe is me ! a year of pleasure flies
Swift as the light breeze passing o'er the plain,
Ah, woe is me ! when sorrows' storms arise,
Each gloomy moment is an age of pain.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 19.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27th. 1798.

THOUGH 'tis no faculty of mine,
Who am by Nature saturnine,
To have that art, which cares beguiling,
Seduces people into smiling ;
And though our scantiness of brains
We can't remove by taking pains,
Yet, there's no cause but I may try,
Some source of laughter to supply :
I do not make pretence to wit,
I know I've but small share of it ;

U

I do



I do not wish with vap'ring heat,
 To get upon a lofty seat,
 And like a Jackdaw on a steeple,
 Chatter unnotic'd to the people,
 Nor wish to hazard such a dread joke
 As might perhaps get me my head broke ;
 But I would make my strains amusing,
 And such as might be worth perusing ;
 Therefore I hope that those who read,
 Though I be dull, will not recede ;
 There's room to hope that men of sense,
 Will not at trifles take offence,
 And as for blockheads, when I find them,
 'Tis still my maxim, not to mind them :
 (Poor *Anomaliae*, speaking thus,
 Thou art indeed Anomalous !)
 For 'tis become a general rule
 Throughout to idolize a fool,
 And deck'd in lace adore an ass,
 As *Israel's* tribes their calf of brass :

But

oooooooooooooooooooo

But this is common-place, you'll say

The vulgar scandal of the day,

The task which others throw away.

It may be so—and who so clever

As to invent new things for ever :

But though our subjects may be known,

The words my friend are all our own ;

We would not steal, and cannot borrow,

Our credit's small, much to our sorrow,

And being thus from aid precluded,

No foreign ware can be intruded ;

So what you see to praise or blame,

Believe the writer is the same ;

He scorns to lurk behind a tree,

And peeping ~~by~~—it was not me :

But wishing much as ever man did,

Throughout his trifles to be candid,

Wishing some small applause to gain

Himself, and others entertain,

}
}
}

He

He hunts for only lawful game,
 And thinks it neither sin nor shame,
 To laugh a little now and then,
 At the vain fooleries of men ;
 Nor, partially, himself to spare,
 Convinc'd that he too has his share,
 And acts, like inconsistent elf,
 In contradiction to himself :
 And tho' he try, not without trouble,
 To please the Town in rhyming double,
 There is a difference, this a fact is,
 Between his principles and practice.
 But let us leave him and his rhyme,
 We've wasted on him too much time,
 To show our learning in Mythology,
 Produce a fable for apology.

A Starling had been long immur'd,
 In various cages grief endur'd,
Pin'd



Pin'd o'er his solitary state,
 Without a partner or a mate ;
 For ever plaintive was his note,
 For only sorrow swell'd his throat ;
 At length by accident set free,
 Again he gain'd his liberty.
 Direct his native woods he sought,
 (There his first artless strains were taught,)
 He every foreign tongue disdain'd,
 His first simplicity regain'd ;
 And sure, says he, I'll range no more,
 None vex the harmless and the poor.
 Awhile he try'd in leisure blest,
 In calm tranquillity to rest :
 But soon the Magpye and the Jay,
 Had fix'd upon him for their prey ;
 The Cander and the hissing Goose,
 On him let all their fury loose ;
 The Cock in regimentals crow'd,
 The hooting Howlet scream'd aloud ;

The

EPIGRAM.

Irus would fain a wealthy man be thought;
 Whilst *Giles* complains he is not worth a
 groat;
 By different methods each would gain his end,
This wants to borrow, and *that* fears to lend.

—
Another.

In Marriage multiplying cares annoy,
 Unsocial Celibacy knows no joy;
 On this side *Scylla's* threat'ning rocks appear,
 On that we terrible *Charybdis* fear.

REBUS.

Since you in numbers wish me to declare,
 And terms appropriate an excelling fair;
 Take first the river which by *Granta* glides,
 (*Granta*, where many a learned man resides,)
 Four-levenths of one who in an army's train,
 Or digs the mine, or fills with mounds the
 plain;
 These join'd, will designate a Maid, whose
 charms
 Fill many a youthful bosom with alarms.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 20.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6th. 1798.

Unde memoria dignum mihi videtur esse a Stilpone Megarensi philosopho datum responsum. Demetrius enim quum eos qui in urbe erant, in servitutem abduxisset; (vel sub corona vendidisset) deinde solo eam æquasset, Stilponem num quid amisisset interrogavit. Tum ille, Nequaquam profecto, inquit, nam virtus bello spoliū esse non potest.

PLUTARCH.

STILPO the PHILOSOPHER,
AND
DEMETRIUS-POLIORCETES.

NOT all the gems that in *Golconda* glow,
Not all the wealth that Fortune can bestow,
Can place mankind beyond the reach of fate,
Virtue alone is permanent estate :

2..

U

Virtue



Virtue defies the Despot's dire decree,
The wife and good are (tho' in fetters) free.

Demetrius for his various fortune fam'd,
Whom History *Polemonetes* has nam'd,
Because with novel arts and engines new
His martial skill did strongest towns subdue ;
His conquering armies o'er *Achaia* led,
And fill'd the neighb'ring provinces with
dread :

To stop his course in vain *Megara* strove,
To shameful flight her routed bands he drove ;
Around her walls encircling trenches drew,
Eras'd her bulwarks and her towns o'erthrew ;
To slavery doom'd from their dear country far,
The hapless victims of the rage of war,
With gushing tears their mournful lot deplore,
And quit their dwellings to return no more :
Remorseless war in overwhelming rage
Heeds not the plea of innocence or age.

Ye



Ye daring minds who to the battle's storm,
Arrange the squadrons, and the phalanx
form,

Can wild ambition your kind feelings quell,
Each finer impulse of the soul repel ;
Elated can ye hear the clarion's sound
When licens'd murder deals destruction round;
How can ye tyrants hear the parent's groan,
And feel no pity for the orphan's moan ?

Demetrius oft had heard of *Stilpo's* name,
(Although the Sage had never courted fame,
Stilpo the wise who at *Megara* born,
With genuine worth *Megara* did adorn :
A messenger was soon despatch'd to bring
This unassuming man before the king,
Who expeditiously returning went
Follow'd by *Stilpo* to the royal tent.

With decent firmness and becoming grace
The mild Philosopher survey'd the place ;

Unmov'd

Unmov'd he heard the din of arms around,
 The shout of triumph and the clarion's sound;
 On a bright golden throne the king reclin'd,
 A radiant wreath around his temple twin'd,
 Th' imperial sceptre glitter'd in his hand,
 The shining signal of supreme command;
 His filken robes with liveliest purple glow'd,
 And at his nod obsequious princes bow'd:
 'Stilpo,' exclaim'd the king, 'thy loss declare,
 'Speak, and *Demetrius* shall that loss repair;
 With calm composure *Stilpo* thus rejoind,—
 His honest speech evinc'd his tranquil mind.
 'Nothing I've lost, for virtue is a prey
 'A plundering soldier never takes away:
 'The starry circlet that adorns thy brow,
 'Thy numerous vassals that in homage bow;
 'Fictitious grandeur which thou must resign,
 'Extraneous pomp which may not long be
 'thine:

'Nor

'Nor this retards th' appointed hour of death,
 'Nor that one moment can prolong thy breath;
 'Empire and power are but an empty boast,
 'That is not wealth which may by chance be
 'lost.'

The king perceiv'd a transitory gleam
 Of sacred Truth's irradiating beam,
 Abash'd he laid his shining sceptre down,
 And from his forehead took the sparkling
 crown :

But passions fierce absorb'd the lenient fire
 Philosophy endeavour'd to inspire ;
 Now all-voluptuous tir'd of war's alarms,
 In *Stratonice's* or in *Lamia's* arms,
 Dissolv'd in sloth he pass'd his languid days,
 Sick of renown and overcharg'd with praise;
 In wanton revels and in loose delights
 (Lascivious pleasures!) he consum'd the
 nights.

Arous'd

Arous'd at length again he Fortune dares,
 Displays his standards and for fight prepares,
 But soon the victim of his restless pride,
 The captur'd king in foreign bondage *died*.

LUKE XVIII. V. 24—27.

PARAPHRASED.

WHILST soft compassion fill'd his
 blameless mind,
 Thus spoke the gentle *Saviour* of mankind,—
 How hard it is for worldly minds to move
 From earthly things and tread the plains
 above!
 How hard it is for men possess'd of wealth
 To seek what works the soul's eternal health!
 With greater ease might loaded Camels try
 To pass their burthens through the needle's
 eye;
 Than

Than those encumber'd here with pomp and
state
To pass the bounds of Heaven's eternal gate.
His eager hearers instantly rejoin'd—
What man, O LORD! can then salvation
find.

IMITATED FROM
THE GREEK COMIC POET
PHILEMON.

RICHES to numerous evils are expos'd,
Chiefly to hatred, envy, and abuse,
Full oft with toilsome businesses enclos'd,
Which troubles and uneasiness produce ;
And then the *rich man* seiz'd by sudden death
His substance leaves for others' luxury :
Let me content with little draw my breath ;
By wanting wealth, from molestation free :
For still the *poor man* this advantage gains,
He lives exempted from superior pains.

REBUS.

Think not life's beaten paths produce such
flowers

As grow spontaneous in sequester'd bowers ;
If you would show a Maid who void of pride,
Does in domestic duty goodness hide,
First take (I fear my verse will turn to prose),
What's always found attendant on the Rose ;
Then take what's still contrasted to the Dale,
You cannot well in your conjecture fail.

EPIGRAM,

[Imitated from MARTIAL.]

True, you are rich, and young, and fair,
To contradict it none will dare ;
But whilst you thus employ your tongue,
You're neither rich, nor fair, nor young.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 21.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13th. 1798.

Moresophia moriones pessimi.

VET. ADAG.

THOSE that are neither *hawk* nor *buzzard*,
(To find a fit rhyme is to us hard,)
A hundred times are more perplexing
And far more troublesome and vexing,
Than those poor undefining tools,
Who are denominated Fools:
The first with self-conceit elated,
Find by no rules their pride abated,
And strutting like a Crow in gutter,
On every side their nonsense sputter;
And those who fall into their clutches
Had better halt on broken crutches.

X

There

There is a creature deem'd ridiculous,
 Which is in Latin call'd *Pediculus* ;
 I hope my plainness you'll excuse—
 'Tis in plain English term'd a *Louse* ;
 This creature is a Politician,
 Nay may be stil'd Metaphysician,
 For deep in thought he oft takes pains
 To traverse other people's brains,
 And though he can't *put those to rights*,
 To discompose them he delights :
 ' Now surely,' I hear critics say,
 ' This fellow's doubly dull to-day,
 ' Who can contrive to fill a page,
 ' Without one maxim trite or sage,
 ' And thinks because he's got a knack,
 ' Of piling words a pick-a-back,
 ' That therefore we must all peruse
 ' His trash insipid and abuse :
 ' I vow that I'd much rather hear
 ' Our Politicians on the Pier,
 ' Where



' Where *Hockley Hole* in grave debate
 ' Reforms the Ministers of State.'
 Indeed I wish (my critic Brother)
 That honest *Hock*, or any other
 Would point us out more pleasing scenes,
 And stop the scourge of *Ways and Means* :
 ' Disloyal creature,' cries a Tory,
 ' The Ways and Means are Britain's glory,
 ' And you must own it just and fit,
 ' The Nation should depend on PITT ; '
 ' I never lik'd this being *Pitted*,
 ' And fear we find ourselves outwitted,
 ' If we on PITT alone depend,
 ' I say no more---but mark the end. ! '
 Reader ! I hope thy parts are brighter,
 Than charge these sayings on the Writer ;
 He is accountable for none,
 More than the board he writes upon :
 The board which makes his desk and bench,
 And serves his Garret to intrench ;
I mean

I mean when daily toil is o'er
 It makes a fastening for the door.
 Indeed for that He need not hasten,
 He has no worldly goods to fasten :
 Tho' I have heard when I was young
 (In half a tale and half a song)
 About a man who nothing had,
 And yet his fortune was so bad,
 He ran from thieves who could not find him
 A score of miles, nor look'd behind him.
 I wonder what old *Hock* will think,
 (I mean if not disguis'd in drink,)
 When he shall hear the critics say,
 That he's the subject of my lay,
 That I have Nokes and Stiles pass'd by,
 On *honest Hock* my muse to try :
 And think I've found a subject fitter,
 Though Coxcombs grin and Ladies titter.
 Says *Paulus* (whom I know my friend)
 'I wish we knew where this would end,
 'This

' This fellow's got into a bog,
 ' Too much of Pudding choaks a dog,
 ' And yet he will continue cramming,
 ' And down our throats his nonsense ramming;
 ' We all cry out, *confounded stuff*,
 ' And think we've fairly got enough ;
 ' To drag so long thro' Folly's quagmire,
 ' Would both the dogs *Holdfast* and *Brag* tire.'

If you can't laugh with me, laugh at me,
 Consider pray, how fair may that be ;
 Observe 'tis I myself am speaking,
 Whilst you on me your jests are breaking ;
 You should not when I've just begun
 Commencing my career of fun,
 Jump up, and all my humour stifle,
 By swearing you don't like the trifle ;
 'Tis cruel hard, it is indeed,
 A Scribbler never should succeed !
 And yet be so completely roasted,
 And on the *Draw-bridge Gallows posted*,
There



There to be pasted up to view,
 In Black and White and Black and Blue :
 The Devil take this lack of brains,
 In vain I study and take pains :
 This Proverb might be learn'd at home,
 That nothing can from nothing come,
 And every trial we make shows clear
 You can't make *filken purse of sow's ear* ;
 And you may safely bet a tester,
 That I shall never make a jester ;
 Although I use my best endeavour,
 I ne'er at humour shall be clever :
 'Tis better I reserve my rhymes
 In *Hockley's* praise for other times,
 Or not with what I've done content,
 My inability lament,
 Postponing future meditation
 To some more favouring occasion,
 When I may tell and you may hear,
 I shall not your attention fear ;

But



But proud encouragement to meet,
 With heart-felt gratulation greet,
 With lively measures I'll prolong
 The strains of many a chearful song.
 But where does erring fancy stray,
 What witchcraft feizes on my lay?
 The charm is broke, the vision's fled,
 The scenes which airy Fancy bred,
 And dark the chearless moments roll,
 Lingering to my uneasy soul :
 For shame, this common-place repress,
 What cares the world for thy distress?
 Each burthen'd with his proper care,
 Refuses others' ills to share :
 Each would his proper griefs avoid,
 Nor be by others' cares annoy'd ;
 Then prithee let thy muse be quiet,
 She shews thy friends but sorry diet :
 Since thou no better fare can offer,
 I would not have thee make the proffer.
Thou

Thou that old Proverb should remember,
 "Alike in July as December,"
 Which tells thee what return does wait
 On proffer'd service soon or late,
 Which might thy forwardness abate :
 Those sportive minds which are intent
 On ridicule and merriment,
 Must some new quarry seek to find,
 Subjects more fitted to their mind,
 And pleas'd with entertainment fit,
 Gladly my gloominess they quit.



We are desired by a Friend to insert the following

ÆNIGMA.

GENTLE breath of melting sorrow,
 Pleasure does thy garments borrow,
 Love on thee is silent hung,
 Friendship takes from thee a tongue ;
 Never seen, yet known to be
 Child of sensibility.
 Softly heard and sweetly felt,
 Which alike to rapture melt,
 Rapture sweetly speaks in thee,
 Child of sensibility.



ANOMALIAE.

No. 22.

TUESDAY, MARCH 20th. 1798.

THE following *Legendary Ballad* was first published in *London* about twenty years since, and is now reprinted in the *Anomaliae*, at the request of several Readers favourable to the work, with those corrections and alterations which appeared to be requisite : the original dedication and preliminary observations being omitted, as at this time unnecessary.

A T H E L G I V A.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

‘HERE mayst thou rest, my sister dear,
 ‘Securely here abide ;
 ‘Here royal Edelfleda liv’d,
 ‘Here pious Hilda died.

Y

‘Here



‘ Here peace and quiet ever dwell ;
 ‘ Here fear no rude alarms ; -
 ‘ Nor here is heard the trumpet’s found,
 ‘ Nor here the din of arms.’

With voice compos’d and look serene,
 (Whilst her soft hand he press’d)
 The maid, who trembled on his arm,
 Young Edwy thus address’d.

Blue gleam’d the steel in Edwy’s hand,
 The warrior’s vest he bore :
 For now the Dane, by Hubba led,
 Had ravaged the shore.

His summons at the abbey gate,
 The ready porter hears ;
 And soon in veil and holy garb,
 The prioress appears.

‘ O take this virgin to thy care,
 ‘ Good angels be your guard ;
 ‘ And may the saints in Heaven above,
 ‘ That pious care reward.

‘ For



‘ For we by fierce barbarian bands,
 ‘ Are driven from our home ;
 ‘ And three long days and nights forlorn,
 ‘ All comfortless we roam.

‘ But I must go---these towers to save :
 ‘ Beneath the nightly shade
 ‘ I haste to seek earl Ofrick’s power,
 ‘ And call lord Redwald’s aid.’

He said---and turn’d his ready foot ;
 The abbess silent stood,
 But with a look that spoke the grief
 Which torpify’d her blood.

Then turning to the stranger dame,
 ‘ O welcome to this place ;
 ‘ For never Whitby’s holy fane
 ‘ Did fairer maiden grace.’

And true she said---for on her cheek
 Was seen young beauty’s bloom,
 Tho’ grief with slow and wafting stealth,
 Did then her prime consume.

2

Her



Her shape was all that thought can frame,
Of elegance and grace ;
And Heav'n the beauties of her mind
Reflected in her face.

' My daughter, lay aside thy fears,'
Again the matron cried ;
' No Danish ravishers come here--'
--Again the virgin sighed.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
'Twas love that shook her breast ;
And thus, in accents soft and mild,
The mournful maid address'd.

' My daughter dear, as to thy friend
' Be all thy cares confest ;
' I see 'tis love disturbs thy mind,
' And wish to give thee rest.

' But hark ! I hear the vesper bell,
' Now summons us to prayer ;'
' That duty done, with needful food
' Thy wasted strength repair.'

But



But now the pitying mournful muse
Of Edwy's hap shall tell ;
And what amid his nightly walk
That gallant youth befel.

For wandering by the bank of Esk
He took his lonely way ;
There thro' the showers of driving rain
His erring footsteps stray.

At length from far, a glimm'ring light
Trembled among the trees ;
And ent'ring soon a moss-built hut,
A holy man he sees.

' O father, deign a luckless youth
' This night with thee to shield ;
' I am no robber, though my arm
' This deadly weapon wield.'

' I fear no robber, stranger ! here,
' I nothing have to lose ;
' And thou may'st safely thro' the night,
' In this poor cell repose.

;

' And



‘And thou art welcome to my hut,’

The holy man replied ;

‘Still welcome here is he, whom fate

‘Has left without a guide.

‘Whence and what art thou, gentle youth?’

---The noble Edwy said,

‘I go to rouse earl Ofrick’s power,

‘And seek lord Redwald’s aid.

‘My father is a wealthy lord,

‘Who now with Alfred stays ;

‘And left his mansion to my care,

‘Whilst he his duty pays.

‘But vain the hope---in dead of night

‘The cruel spoilers came ;

‘And o’er each neighb’ring castle threw

‘The wide-devouring flame.

‘To shun their rage, at early dawn

‘I with my sister fled ;

‘And Whitby’s abbey now affords

‘Safe refuge to her head.

‘Whilst

‘ Whilft I, to haften promis’d aids, •
 ‘ Range wildly through the night,
 ‘ And, with impatient mind, expect •
 ‘ The morning’s friendly light.’ •

Thus Edwy fpoke---and wond’ring, gaz’d
 Upon his hermit hoft ;
 For in his form beam’d manly grace, •
 Untouch’d by age’s froft.

The hermit figh’d---and thus he faid ; •
 ‘ Know, there was once a day,
 ‘ This tale of thine would fire my heart,’
 ‘ To join th’embattled fray.

‘ But lucklefs love dejects my foul, •
 ‘ And cafts my fpirits down ;
 ‘ Thou feeft the wretch of woman’s pride,
 ‘ Of follies not my own.

‘ I once amid my fovereign’s train, •
 ‘ Was a diftinguifh’d youth,
 ‘ But blighted is my former fame
 ‘ By forrow’s cankering tooth.

‘ When

* When Etheldred o'er England reign'd,
 ' I to this district came ;
 * And then a fair and matchless maid
 ' First rais'd in me a flame.

* Her father was a noble lord
 ' Of an illustrious race,
 * Who, join'd to rustic honesty,
 ' The courtier's gentle grace.

* 'Twas then I told my artless tale,
 ' By love alone inspir'd ;
 * For never was my honest speech
 ' In flattering guise attir'd.

* At first she heard, or seem'd to hear
 ' The voice of tender love ;
 * But soon, the ficklest of her sex,
 ' Did she deceitful prove.

* She drove me scornful from her sight,
 ' Rejected and disdain'd ;
 * In vain did words for pity plead,
 ' In vain my looks complain'd.

(To be continued.)

ANOMALIAE.

No. 23.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27th. 1798.

A T H E L G I V A.

(Continued.)

‘HOW could that breast which pity fill’d,

‘ Ever relentless be ?

‘ How could that face which smil’d on all,

‘ Have ever frowns for me ?

‘ Since that sad hour, I in this cell

‘ Have liv’d recluse from man ;

‘ And twice ten months have pass’d, since I

‘ The hermit’s life began.’

‘ O stain to honour ! ’ Edwy cry’d ;

‘ O foul disgrace to arms !

‘ What, when thy country claims thine aid,

‘ And shakes with war’s alarms !

Z

‘ Canst

‘ Canst thou, inglorious, here remain,
 ‘ Here strive thyself to hide;
 ‘ Assume the monkish coward life,
 ‘ All for a woman’s pride ? ’

With louder voice and warmer look,
 His hermit host rejoin’d :
 ‘ Thinkst thou, vain youth, the chains of fear
 ‘ Could here a warrior bind ?

‘ Know, boy, thou seest Hermanric here ;
 ‘ Well vers’d in war’s alarms ;
 ‘ A name once not unknown to fame,
 ‘ Nor unrenown’d in arms.

‘ O, Athelgiva ! (yet too dear)
 ‘ Did I thy danger know ;
 ‘ Yet would I fly to thy relief,
 ‘ And crush th’ invading foe.’

With fluster’d cheek, young Edwy turn’d
 At Athelgiva’s name ;
 And, ‘ Gracious powers ! it must be he ! ’
 He cries, ‘ it is the same !

‘ I know

‘ I know full well, I have not now
 ‘ More of thy tale to learn ;
 ‘ I heard this morn, e’er from the wave
 ‘ We could the sun discern.

‘ My sister loves thee, gallant youth,
 ‘ By all the saints on high !
 ‘ She wept last night, when thy hard fate
 ‘ She told with many a sigh.

‘ Forgive her then, and for her sake
 ‘ Thy limbs with steel infold :
 ‘ Was it not Ardolph’s daughter, say,
 ‘ Who late thy heart did hold ? ’

‘ It was, it was ! ’ Hermanric cry’d ;
 ‘ I heard her brother’s name ;
 ‘ ’Tis said he was a gallant youth,
 ‘ Who fought abroad for fame.’

Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
 And clasp’d him to his breast ;
 ‘ And thou shalt be my brother too,’
 He said---and look’d the rest.

‘ But



‘But now let honour fill thy mind,
 ‘Be love’s soft laws obey’d;
 ‘’Tis Athelgiva claims claims thy sword,
 ‘—’Tis she demands thy aid.

‘She, with impatient anxious heart,
 ‘Expects my quick return;
 ‘And ’till again she sees me safe,
 ‘The hapless maid will mourn.

‘Then let us fly to seek these chiefs,
 ‘Who promis’d aid to send;
 ‘Earl Ofrick was my father’s guest,—
 ‘Lord Redwald is my friend.’

Hermanric said,—‘First let us go
 ‘To cheer yon drooping maid;
 ‘Again I’ll wear my coat of mail,
 ‘And draw my rusted blade.

Then from a corner of the cell
 His clashing arms he took;
 But when he mark’d the growing rust,
 The soldier’s bosom shook.

Then



Then forth they went--Hermanric knew
 Each pathway of the wood ;
 And safe before the abbey gate
 At break of day they stood.

Now, sleep the wearied maiden's eyes
 At length had kindly seal'd,
 When at the gate the wand'ring knights
 Returning day reveal'd.

'Quick call the abbefs,' Edwy said
 To him who kept the door,
 Who watch'd and pray'd the live-long night,
 A pious priest, and poor.

The abbefs came, with instant haste ;
 Th' alarming bell was rung ;
 And from their matted homely beds
 The fainted virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first the dame,
 Soft speaking, thus address :
 'My daughter, an important call
 'Bids me disturb thy rest.

'Thy





‘Thy brother at the abbey gate,
 ‘Appears with features glad;
 ‘And with him comes a stranger knight,
 ‘In war-worn armour clad.’

With falt’ring step and bloodless cheek,
 Young Athelgiva went:
 Confusion, shame, surprize, and joy,
 At once her bosom rent.

When in the stranger knight she saw
 Hermanric’s much-lov’d face;
 Whilst he, by gen’rous love impell’d,
 Rush’d to her fond embrace.

Vain would the muse attempt to paint
 What joy the lover knew,
 Who found his long disdainful maid
 At once fair, kind, and true.

Then Edwy, while intranc’d in blifs .
 The happy pair remain’d,
 Recounted o’er the tale how he
 Hermanric lost regain’d.

But

But soon, alas! too soon, was heard,
 To damp their new-form'd joys,
 The groan of death, the shout of war,
 And battle's mingled noise.

For up the hill, with eager haste,
 A breathless courier came;
 He cry'd, 'Prepare for dire alarms,
 'And shun th' approaching flame.

'Fierce Hubba landing on the beach,
 'Now drives our feeble band;
 'Who, far too few to stop his force,
 'Fly o'er the crimson'd land.'

What anguish fill'd the maiden's breast,
 What rage the lover knew,
 When looking down the steepy hill,
 They found the tale was true.

Each warlike youth then grasp'd his spear.
 —The trembling damsel said,
 'O where is now Earl Ofriek's power,
 'And where Lord Redwald's aid?'

'Alas,



‘ Alas, alas ! ’ the abbess cries,
 ‘ Far as my sight is borne,
 ‘ I cannot see the ruddy cross,
 ‘ Nor hear Earl Ofrick’s horn.’

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
 Impell’d his savage crew ;
 And o’er the blood-empurpled strand
 The golden raven flew.

(The conclusion in my next.)

R E B U S.

OF the Goddeſs of Strumpets, for whom it is ſaid
 There was in Old Rome annual feſtivals made,
 If you take three-fifths, then to that ſubjoin
 The Muſe’s initial who writes things divine :
 The Deity next, o’er Revenge who preſides,
 (I’m ſure that fell Goddeſs my pen never guides ;) :
 Then the Goddeſs of Chaſtity whom all admire,
 And that charming Muſe who to Love tunes her lyre ;
 I ſhould not Hell’s Judge with ſuch company grace,
 Yet I muſt allow his initial a place ;
 If you add the Proud Fair who Jove’s thunder deſir’d,
 And who in the blaze of his light’ning expir’d,---
 Theſe Letters the Name of ſome Ladies expreſs,
 Who all ANOMALIAE’s Rebuffs gueſs.

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ANOMALIAE.

No. 24.

TUESDAY, APRIL 3d. 1798.

ATHELGIVA.

(Concluded.)

‘BEHOLD,’ he cries, and waves his lance,
‘Where yon proud turrets rise;
‘Of those who prove war’s glorious toil,
‘Let beauty be the prize.
‘There gold and beauty both are found,
‘Then follow where I lead;
‘And quickly know you have not fought
‘For honour’s empty meed.’

He said, and press’d to gain the hill,
His shouting train pursue;
And fir’d by hopes of brutal joys,
Behold the prize in view.

A a

Young

Young Edwy mark'd their near approach,
And rush'd t'oppose their way :
Nor did, with equal ardor fir'd,
Behind Hermanric stay.

Like mountain boars, the brother chiefs
On Denmark's warriors flew ;
And those who held the foremost ranks,
Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierc'd by Edwy's fatal lance,
Lay valiant Turkil dead ;
There Hærdicanute bit the dust,
Who by Hermanric bled.

But vain is courage, strength, or skill,
When two oppose an host ;
A dart, with sure and deadly aim,
At Edwy, Hubba toft.

His sister, who, o'erpower'd by grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recover'd by the matron's care,
Now fought the abbey door.

When



When on the fated carnag'd spot

She cast her weeping eyes ;

' O, blest Mary ! ' cry'd the maid,

' My brother bleeds and dies.'---

Then forth she ran and gain'd the place ;

Where, press'd by crowds of foes,

Hermanric stood---the shades of death

Her brother's eyelids close.

The furious Dane nor pity knew,

Nor stay'd his vengeful arm ;

Nor aught avail'd that heavenly face,

Which might a tiger charm.

First on th' unguarded chief he rush'd,

And bore him to the ground ;

The helpless damsel's 'plaint of woe

In war's loud shout is drown'd.

She saw Hermanric's quiv'ring lip,

---She mark'd his rolling eye ;

She faints---she falls!---before her fight

Death's visions dimly fly.

' And,

‘And, O thou dear and much-lov’d youth,
The dying virgin cried;
‘Howe’er in life I wrong’d thy truth,
‘Yet true with thee I died.’

She spoke no more.---Even Hubba felt
The force of love sincere;
Then first his breast confess’d the sigh,
Then first his cheek the tear.

‘And, O my friends, the rage of war,
He cries, ‘awhile forbear’
‘And to their weeping kindred straight
‘These breathless bodies bear.

‘Or fear the wrath of Powers Divine---’
Nor could he further say;
But quickly, with disorder’d march,
Bent to his ships his way.

For now was heard Earl Ofrick’s horn,
Shrill sounding thro’ the dale;
And now Lord Redwald’s ruddy cross
Was waving to the gale.

His

His tardy aid Earl Ofrick brought
 Too late, alas! to save;
 And far beyond th' avenging sword
 The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief seiz'd ~~the~~ warrior's heart, to see
 In dust young Edwy laid;
 And stretch'd by brave Hermanric's side
 Fair Athelgiva dead.

But on the holy cross he swore,
 A brave revenge to take,
 On Denmark's proud and bloody sons,
 For Athelgiva's sake.

This vow in Kenwuth's glorious field
 The gallant earl did pay;
 When Alfred's better star prevail'd,
 And England had her day.

That day the Dane full dearly paid
 The price of lovers' blood;
 That day in Hubba's cloven helm
 The Saxon's javelin flood.

The

The bodies of the hapless three
 Were to one grave convey'd,
 And in the choir, with dirges due,
 Their cold remains were laid.

Lord Ardolph on his childrens' tomb
 Inscib'd th' applauding verse;
 And long the monks, in Gothic rhyme,
 Their story did rehearse.

And often pointing to the skies,
 The cloister'd maids would cry;
 'To those bright realms, in bloom of youth,
 'Did Athelgiva fly.'

IMPROMPTU,
At a Masquerade, in the Character of
 ENDYMION to MISS S****.
Habited as Diana.

TO *Latmos'* top, if Grecian tales be true,
 The power of Love the chaste *Diana* drew;
 There whilst the world deplor'd her absence
 light,
 She with *Endymion* pass'd the rapt'rous night;
 Resigning

Resigning there her yet unrifled charms,
 The happy Hunter revell'd in her arms :
 But I who bear *Endymion's* mimic vest,
 Am than *Endymion* more supremely blest ;
 On me a fairer, milder *Cynthia* smiles,
 A brighter Goddess shares my pleasing toils ;
 It is not ours to pant for sylvan fame,
 To drag the meshes for disastrous game ;
 Nor from his covert rouse expos'd to view,
 The brindled Monster that *Adonis* flew :
 Far different sports our gentler minds employ,
 Hence every ruder gust of barbarous joy ;—
 Ours are superior pleasures of the mind,
 The joys of reason and of sense combin'd ;
 The calm delights which from pure friendship flow,
 The boundless raptures Beauty can bestow ;
 To swell my happiness together join ;
 In *thee* they meet, and thou, my fair, art
 ; mine.

REBUS.



R E B U S.

What for Goodwill is but another name
 (My Rebus for it's easiness you'll blame)
 Supplies the FIRST initial of my lines ;
 Who to it household management combines,
 Will find the SECOND. To supply the next,
 The dullest thinker need not be perplex ;
 'Tis that which singleness of thought designs,
 Next that which every human heart refines ;
 Then that which does each feeling mind en-
 gage

In life's most estimable, pleasing stage ;
 If your ideas these should right connect,
 There is no need your judgment to direct.



We have been favoured with a ~~comic~~ *Tale* on
 "The Influence of Music upon the Sen-
 ses," which will appear in our next.

N. B. Letters to the Writer of *Anomaliae* (re-
 specting that Publication) must be addressed
 to him at the Printer's ; and when sent by
 the Post the Carriage must be paid, if ~~it~~ *be*
 expected that any attention should be shown
 them.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 25.

TUESDAY, APRIL 10th. 1798.

——Sed fallit, an Amnem
Conspicimus? brevior carmine facta via est?
Dicite qui colitis ESKÆ vada coerula, nautae,
Ecquis ad argentes constitit hospes aquas?

LOTICHIUS, L. IV. E. iii. 77.

Are we deceiv'd, or we behold a stream?
By verse our tedious way will shorter seem:
Tell me ye Sailors, who your mansions keep
Where ESKA joins with the coerulean deep,
What stranger chance has guided on his road,
Amidst your cooling streams to make abode.

THE following Fable, describing the origin of the appellation of the River Esk, is extracted from an unfinished Poem begun many years since, but of which no part has hitherto been published.

Ere yet th' *historic muse* her pow'rs had shown,
But past events were from tradition known;

B b

Ere



The object of her jealousy she fought,
 And soon discover'd with vindictive thought,
 Then in her breast the kindling flames arise,
 And all the female lightens in her eyes :
 The trembling damsel fled along the plain,
 Implor'd *Vertumnus*, but implor'd in vain ;
 The Goddess fir'd with jealous rage, pursu'd
 And plung'd her helpless rival in the flood ;
 There the dark stream repels'd her rosy breath
 With the chill torpors of a watery death :
Pomona saw her error when too late,
 And mourn'd the lovely damsel's cruel fate,
 And what she could she did from *Jove* obtain,
 That *Efska* should a guardian Nymph remain ;
 Who thus the Goddess of the stream became,
 Which still retains unhappy *Efska's* name.*

*The real derivation of the name of Esk is probably from the Saxon HESK, which signifies "Reeds," and may have been attributed to the river from the quantity of reeds growing on its borders.

THE EFFECT OF
MUSIC ON THE SENSES.

(A Tale.)

Mufic hath charms to foonthe a favage breaft,
To foften rocks and bend the knotted oaks.

CONGREVE.

--O--

MUSIC hath charms ('tis well expreff
Enough) to foonthe a favage breaft;
But foft'ning rocks and bending oaks,
To me appear but idle jokes:
Howe'er that be, I'll here explain
It's power on Tailors as on Men.
His fcythe in hand Death one day took,
And vifit paid to *Cumbria's* Duke,*
And bluntly told great *George's* fon,
His thread he'd cut, his glafs was run;
In vain 'twas to expoftulate,
He yielded to the will of fate:
The nation all were forry for't,
Deep mourning's order'd by the court,
And men fince Duke to grave was gone,
In afhes muft and fackcloth groan,

* *William.*

And

And male and female who were able,
 Did straight provide a suit of fable.
 Whilst gen'ral mourning rul'd the land,
 A master Tailor in the Strand,
 Who had among the Great much trade,
 Him many journeymen obey'd :
 Amongst the rest one Richard nam'd,
 For strength of lungs and singing fam'd ;
 Dick sung, and still his favourite slaves,
 Were Rule Britannia, Rule the Waves !
 His master why the work went slow,
 At first the reason did not know ;
 But by observance finding soon
 Each elbow mov'd to Dick's slow tune,
 Hinted his pleasure unto Dick,
 That he would chuse a tune more quick ;
 But all his hints were lost on him,
 Britannia was his darling theme.
 Orders mean time came in apace,
 And suits of mourning fill'd the place ;
 Small time to finish them was given,
 And to despair the master's driven ;
 Across his brain inventions glide,
 To make their needles swifter slide,

(As



(As Dick to him was not obedient)
 At last he hit on this expedient :
 A fiddler who play'd up and down,
 And with his scraping charm'd the town,
 He straight call'd in, and soon plac'd he him,
 Where they cou'd hear but cou'd not see him ;
 Quick British tunes he play'd before 'em,
 With brisk Scotch reels and Tullachgorum ;
 " Shortly the son of guts and rosin,
 " Struck up the tune of Nancy Dawson : "
 His music soon each humour suits,
 And, Orpheus like, he charm'd the brutes ;
 He play'd a tolerable stick,
 And quickly caught the ears of Dick :
 Amaz'd he heard, nor play'd he long,
 Before Dick dropp'd his favorite song ;
 The master, pleas'd, observ'd the charm,—
 To Nancy Dawson mov'd each arm ;
 The work went forward with great speed,
 And was sent home at time agreed.

M. W.

REBUS.

R E B U S.

I know 't will seem bold in a fellow like me,
 (Whom to call *simple Tony* all critics agree),
 To attempt to describe in a new set of lays,
 A Name which already has merited praise :
 Yet take the first consonant in a conjunction,
 (You surely may do this and yet feel no com-
 punction) ;

The name of the realm where by God's grace
 we live,

A second initial will readily give ;
 The first of a negative commonly known,
 And the serpentine letter 's quite easy you'll
 own ;

Reverse the denial, and take it's first letter,
 (I'm afraid that in rebuffing I grow no better)
 A liquid letter to conclude these, join'd,
 Will give a fair maid's name at once defin'd.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 26.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17th. 1798.

*Est modus in Rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

HORAT. Sa. Lib. i. 1.

*Yes, there's a rule and boundaries assign'd,
On neither side of which the right we find;*

ALL ranks of society seem sensible of the truth which the keen and lively satirist, the author of my motto, has there expressed;—but of this “*modus in Rebus*,” “this medium in things,” there is hitherto no precise definition; and different persons, even of those whose intellectual faculties may be classed amongst the superior understandings, vary in their opinions of what ought to be consider-

C c

ed

.....

ed as an absolute criterion, as a determinate rule, not merely of expediency or as derived from the fortuitous combination of actual circumstances, and a consequent necessity resulting and to be derived from them ; but arising from that mental intuition which spontaneously intimates to the rational powers the precise idea of conscious rectitude, which a posterior and more comprehensive ratiocination afterwards elucidates by a demonstration, appealing to the combined faculties in their reference to the usually acknowledged verities.

I here find it necessary to check myself, least in trying too far to illustrate an Hypothesis I may become tediously prolix, and bewilder myself equally with my readers in the idle parade of verbose declamation : for even in this kind of nugatory exercitation, in which the fancy is expatiated in the disquisition of trifling

trifling remarks, there are certain limits to be attended to, beyond which the irregular volitions of an excursive imagination should not be allowed frequently to transgress, as every eccentricity of the fancy if indulged in a too extensive ellipsis (to use a mathematical metaphor), becomes a deviation from the right, an aberration from those established principles upon which axioms are founded, and without which there could be no incontrovertible demonstration.

I believe that if men made the appeal to their own hearts without suffering their prejudices to influence, or their passions to mislead them, in all events the monitor would be just, and that even in those of the most ordinary capacity, if their judgment (such as it may be) were left unbiassed, it would seldom fail of giving a right direction and practical
admo-

admonition : But few, very few of us are capable of this refined method of judging, either for ourselves or in our transactions with each other ; and indeed most people are contented to take the opinions of others and adopting them as their own, adhere pertinaciously to what they have thus imbibed, and defend whether right or wrong, what they have once promulgated as verity.—Hence the dogmatists in the sciences (and indeed in almost every thing), the wrangling and contradictory Theologers, the squabbling and positive Politicians, the conceited Pedants and self-sufficient Critics, the Zealots of religious bigotry, the Enthusiasts of fanaticism, affected Atheists, [and pseudo Patriots, who tell you with sighs the errors of all Administrations, and deplore the calamities which they say are impending over this devoted Country. —These men, like the philosophers whom

i

Swift



Swift mentions in *Laputa*, dread the retrogression of a comet, and are pale with reflecting on what may be the consequence of the diurnal diminution of the solar heat : the Temporary Animal whose precarious hopes are bounded by the casual existence of fourscore years, *this Being*, fast verging to the dirt from whence he came, dares to consider as his concern the immutable decrees of omnipotent Omniscience, and presumes in the arrogance of his wishes to disarrange the pre-established harmony of universal Nature, “which waxeth not old like a garment,” tho’ the created Heaven and Earth, the Scripture faith, shall do so.

I have been often apprized by my well-wishing readers, that in trying to protract a serious disquisition, I am sure to grow tedious, and consequently tiresome and dull : —

I know



I know not whether inserting the following
Imitation from a Translation of *Menander* by
Stephanus, will relcúe me from the imputa-
tion.



'Tis true a wife is an expensive guest,
Extravagant and peevish at the best ;
From her the law her husband must receive,
Move by her dictates, by her precepts live ;
Yet to speak truth, this evil has it's use :
'Tis she that does the husband's heirs produce,
And taking him for *better and for worse*,
To his sick bed officiates as nurse ;
Cleaves to him wheresoever he shall go,
Close as his shirt, whether he will or no :
She when he dies sees him in coffin laid,
And to his funeral due attention paid.
Think then each station has it's proper care,
So mayst thou placidly receive thy share ;
But if to count thine ills thou art inclin'd,
Without rememb'ring where thy fortune's
kind,

Then



Then thou through life shall mourn thy way-
ward fate,
Nor ever see thine anguish terminate.



S O N N E T.

WOULD it console a hapless wanderer's pain,
Condemn'd in dreary deserts to repine,
To say ' Be blest, thy footsteps press the plain,
' Beneath whose surface glows the golden mine ?'

If all obscure, unnoticed, unknown,
In the dark soil the brilliant lustre lies ;
If ne'er to " Holy Light's" refulgence shown,
It never blazes on admiring eyes :

Alike, envelop'd in involving clay,
Useless lie hid the pebble and the gem ;
Illuminated by the solar ray,
The latter decks th' imperial diadem :

Thus may discernment's intellectual light
The mental splendor pure, discern from folly's night.

REBUS.

R E B U S.

What pious people deem their port of rest,
And what's a state of innocence confest;
Then that which proffers to the wondering
eye

The quickest instance of velocity;
Next what all mortal-kind must undergo
(The general sentence pass'd on all below);
Last that which signifies "inspir'd with life"
(Sure this dull Rebus will not cause me strife):
I mean of these th' initials you should take,
A fainted Lady's name of them to make.

E P I G R A M,

AVARO has "no other Gods but one;"
He worships Gold, and worships that alone.

An amplification of the popular story respecting the origin of The PENNY HEDGE, will, by desire, be inserted in my next.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 27.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24th. 1798.

THE following is a second extract from the Poem of *Esk*, quoted in a preceding Number of these Papers.

When Anjou's *Henry* England's sceptre sway'd
 And him the realm restor'd to peace obey'd;
 No more the Hinds o'erwhelm'd with panic
 fear,
 Fled from th' uplifted blade and brandish'd
 spear;
 Whilst civil discord thro' the frighted land
 Wav'd her red banners with a crimson hand;

Nor

D d

Nor then had *Henry* mourn'd his *Clifford** lost,
 No meddling Priest† his royal mind had crost,
 No rebel sons assail'd their father's life,
 To disobedience prompted by his wife :
 But lov'd in peace, rever'd in war he shone,
 The monarch added lustre to the throne ;
Matilda's heir of *Cerdic's* ancient line,
 In him did each disputed title join ;
 But regal virtue cannot peace secure,
 His reign from sorrow never was secure.
 In spring's gay prime the rural barons join'd
 To chase a Boar the fiercest of his kind ;
 A Boar who dealt destruction o'er the plain,
 And formidably did the woods maintain :
 Dreadful as that in *Calydon* of old,
 Whose story *Ovid* fancifully told ;
 When *Meleagrus* gave away his prize,
 Himself subdu'd by *Atalanta's* eyes.
 The Village Lords with feudal pride elate,
 Display'd around aristocratic state :
 There *Bruce* whose race succeeding times have
 known,
 With reputation wear the Scottish crown,
 Amidst the foremost in the chace appear'd,
 And with exulting shouts his partners cheer'd.

* Fair Rosamond.

† Becket.

There-

There far distinguished amongst the rest,
In rich habiliments and trappings drest,
Proud *Percy* show'd his ensigns o'er the field,
"An Azure Lion on an Argent Shield"

His high descent and regal lineage show'd,
And in his veins that blood imperial glow'd.
'Midst horns and clarions intermingled sounds,
And the full chorus of their deep-ton'd
hounds,

Away they speed to rouse their bristled prey,
To rouse, to follow, to o'ertake and slay :
Their hostile din the fiery savage scares,
But soon all desperate he his tusks prepares ;
Again astonish'd at the varying noise,
He all his strength in rapid flight employs ;
Fatigu'd he foams along the sylvan plain,
And strains a shelt'ring covert to obtain.
Upon the margin of the river stood
(Thick shadow'd over by the neighb'ring
wood)

A lone, sequester'd, sacred house of pray'r,
Where oft a pious Hermit did repair ;

To

* The Arms of the Family of Percy are Argent a Lion Azure.

To Heaven devoted he still pass'd his days,
 In lengthen'd orisons and hymns of praise :
 It chanc'd that then those orisons he paid,
 And to Almighty Goodness ardent pray'd,
 Devoutly kneeling on the hallowed floor,
 Nor (unappris'd of danger) clos'd the door :
 The wearied Boar the following dogs to shun,
 Did furiously into the Chapel run ;
 There spent with toil upon the floor he lies,
 And quite exhausted, pants, and foams, and
 dies.

Th' impatient Hunters now approach'd the
 place,
 Vex'd to be disappointed in their chace ;
 Soon with their staves the slight barrier de-
 stroy,
 And 'gainst the holy man these staves employ ;
 All bruis'd and mangled " him they left for
 dead,"

Then struck with fear to Sanctuaries fled :
 But the foul murder quickly did appear,
 The cry of vengeance echoed far and near ;
 To *Whitby* was th' expiring monk convey'd,
 And in the Abbot's friendly mansion laid :

The



The Abbot, who in *Henry's* favour stood,
 Resolv'd to expiate the guilt of blood,
 The murderers from the Sanctuary drew,
 To make atonement for the saint they slew.
 Abash'd and trembling round the dying man
 They sadly stood—He calmly thus began :

' I will not fill your conscious hearts with
 pain,

' By repetition how ye me have slain.'

' Surely,' the Abbot hastily rejoin'd,

' They shall the self-same retribution find ;

' As they have slain thee, they shall surely
 die' —

' Not so ;' th' expiring Hermit made reply ;

' O may you from the guilt of blood be freed !

' Yet in remembrance that you did this deed,

' On you the following penance I shall lay ;

' That on the vigil of *Ascension Day* :

' Ye shall in *Essex* a fence of wattling make,

' *A Penny's worth* of each material take,

' Which if three tides it stand the *flowing sea*,

' Ye shall from other forfeiture be free : ' —

To this condition gladly they agreed,

And from all other punishment were freed.

Thus

Thus this event recorded we perceive
 By annual custom, on *Ascension Eve* ;
 There whilst they raise the imitative mound,
 " *Out on you* " still the shrill-ton'd horns re-
 found.

S O N N E T.

ALAS, why hangs this sadness on my soul !
 What dark dejection does my mind depress ?
 Does all my active faculties controul,
 And to despair deteriorates distress :

Does it portend some sorrow yet to come,
 Whose appellation future time must show ?
 Some fatal consequence of fortune's doom,
 Some irremediable overthrow ?

The mind which pre-existing pains prepare,
 Ought not to shrink from consequential ill ;
 Guarded by long experiment of care,
 A patient spirit and submissive will :

THESE like a buckler throng'd with darts and spears,
 Allow no further space for other hopes and fears.

The

The Hint of the following Lines is from

METASTASIO's

LA PARTENZA.

" E TU CHE SAI, SE MAI,

" TI SOVERRÀ DI ME."

Yes, we must part, and I deplore the day,
Which from thy presence tears me far away;
And who can tell when we far distant be,
If thy remembrance ever think on Me?

When novel scenes and new diversions rise
To charm thy fancy and delight thine eyes;
When Thou and I shall far asunder be,
Will thy remembrance ever think on Me?

Affail'd by pleasure or attack'd by pain,
This faithful heart shall always *thine* remain;
But whilst attendant splendor waits on thee,
Will thy remembrance ever turn to Me?

REBUS.

REBUS.

If you place the materials found in the quarry
(I think I'm so plain your guess cannot mis-
carry),

Before that of an edifice commonly known,
Then the name of a beautiful Maid will be
shown;

I pray don't mistake me, for they must be
join'd,

Before that the name of the Lady you find.

ANOTHER.

Three-fourths of an animal common in Spain,
And what at some time will all mortals con-
tain,

These join'd give the name of a castle of old,
No further I'll say—it is too plainly told.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 28.

TUESDAY, MAY 1st. 1798.

THE following version of *Horace's* celebrated Ode to *Großphus* was the literary amusement of a vacant hour, by the Editor of these Essays: it is, as a recent and new Translation, at the instance of a particular Friend, submitted to the public censure.

HORACE, B. II. Ode xvi.

The passenger caught on *Ægean* seas
 Implores the powers above for Ease,
 When clouds have hid the Moon from sight
 And Planets give no certain light
 The sailors to direct;

E c

For



For Eafe prays warlike furious *Thrace*,
 And thofe whom *Median* quivers grace
 Afk Eafe, which is not to be fold,
Groſphus, for purple, gems, or gold
 We muſt not Eafe expect.

Th' Exchequer's wealth, the Conſul's ſtate,
 The Liſtor's rods cannot create
 Soft Peace of Mind, nor can remove
 Thoſe hovering cares which fly above
 The high-roof'd palaces.

He happy lives whoſe ſlender board
 Can one paternal meſs afford ;
 Whoſe gentle ſlumbers know no fear,
 Whoſe breaſt no anxious paſſions tear
 Which he cannot appeaſe.

Why ſtruggling thro' life's narrow ſpan
 Do we new difficulties plan ?
 Ah ! why our native country quit ?
 What vagrant exile ever yet
 From his own thoughts could fly ?

Care



Care climbs the vessels bolted sides,
 Attendant with the horsemen rides,
 The nimble flags run not so fast,
 'Tis swifter than the eastern blast
 That sweeps the sky.

The happy mind that now at rest
 Is with no future wants oppress'd,
 Seasons life's bitters with a smile,
 Which can that anxious thought beguile ;
 That none are fully blest.

Achilles death soon snatch'd away,
Tithonus did with age decay ;
 Fate may perhaps for me supply
 The hours she does to thee deny
 And stretch thy time of rest.

Round thee a hundred herds of kine
Sicilia's breed their throats combine ;
 The harness'd mare fit for the chaise
 Does for thy pride her neighings raise ;
 Thy robes show *Tyrian* dyes.

A little

A little farm is all my lot,
 And Fortune gives to cheer my cot,
 The spirit of the Grecian Muse,
 And as her pleasing boon I use,
 The vulgar to despise.

LAMENTATIONS. C. III. v. 1—21.

PARAPHRASED.

I Am the man that hath affliction seen,
 On whom the rod of his dread wrath has been.
 He hath me led in darkness of the night,
 And turn'd my footsteps from the paths of
 light.

Sure he is chang'd and doth against me stand,
 Against me turneth all the day his hand.
 My flesh and skin assume old-age's look ;
 My fractur'd bones their office have forsook.
 He has encircled me with sorrow's mound,
 With gall and travel compassed me round.

He

He to dark places has my footsteps led,
 Like those who have for ages past been dead.
 He hath enclos'd me and forbid my flight,
 And made my fetters of oppressive weight ;
 And when I shout and rend with cries the air
 He from his presence shutteth out my pray'r.
 He hath confin'd me with a stony mound,
 And turn'd to labyrinths my paths around.
 He like a bear in lurking ambush lay,
 A secret lion, crouching for his prey :
 My devious ways he has to error led,
 And o'er my fragments desolation spread.
 'Twas against me his bended bow he drew,
 I was the mark at which his arrows flew.
 He of the feather'd shafts his quiver drains,
 The deadly arrows enter in my reins.
 My people in derision mock'd my pain,
 All day the object of their scornful strain.
 With bitter potions he has fill'd my soul,
 With wormwood mix'd the nauseating bowl.
My

My teeth with gravel he has broke away,
 He on my head did covering ashes lay.
 So far from peace thou bore me, I forgot
 That ever I had known a prosperous lot.
 And "from the Lord," in deep distress I said
 "My hope and strength is utterly decay'd."
 Remembrance brings my grief and pain to
 view,

The wormwood and the gall my soul pursue.
 My soul for ever bears them in her thought,
 And is to deep humiliation brought.
 This in my mind I ever will retain,
 Therefore I hope,---let not that hope be vain.

EPIGRAM,

The Miser's Consolation.

Do Stocks advance; does Simple Interest rise?
 In *this* thy chief concern O Mortal lies;
 To this alone should all thy thoughts be bent,
 This be thy life's sole purpose and intent.
 * Say

' Say you so *Chryses* ?--But what's that I hear,
 ' What monitory sounds alarm mine ear,---
 ' If I mistake not yonder *passing bell*
 ' Informs us *Eucio* nothing more will sell.'
 ' What! has my friend resign'd his vital breath?
 ' Well, I'm to have his *Business* at his death.'

S O N N E T.

IN thoughtless levity let youth's gay train,
 Round dissipation's gaudy circuit rove;
 The nectar'd goblet of *LYAEUS* drain,
 Or press *HEBONE* on the couch of love :

Say, shall these pleasures in maturer years,
 Still charm the fancy, still enchant the mind ?
 Ah, no ; a vale of sorrows steep'd in tears
 Man shall his life in its progression find ;

Though light and shade diversify the scene,
 'Tis varied sadness all, and differing pain,
 And soon replunging in th' abyss of spleen,
 Chill torpor paralyzes every vein :

Say, can Religion make it's votaries blest,
 Bid them from sublunary earth-born troubles rest ?

REBUS.

REBUS.

Take the first letter of felicity,
 The first of what we term conjunction by,
 The first of that which has no entity, }
 Of that which brings things mortal to decay,
 Of those with which all creatures things sur-
 vey,
 Then that of what all women wish to do,—
 A gentle Lady's name you'll construe so.

ANOTHER.

To a term us'd by weavers prefix half a clown,
 And then what this Rebus implies will be
 shown.

Erratum in No. 27.

Page 210, Line 9, for secure read ensue.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 29.

TUESDAY, MAY 7th. 1798.

*- Sic animum tempusque traho neque ipse reduco
A contemplatu removeoque mali.
Carminibus quæro miserarum obliviam rerum
Præmia si studio consequar ista sat est.*

OVID. Trist. Lib. v. El. 8.

*Thus I beguile the time, and lure my mind
From contemplation on my proper woes ;
From Verse I seek forgetfulness to find,
And gain my purpose if I gain repose.*

CHARACTER of ANTIOPE,

VERSIFIED FROM

FENELON'S TELEMACHUS.

I Know this difference, *Mentor* thus replies,
Antiope is gentle, mild, and wise,

F f

And



And sweet simplicity devoid of art,
 Finds a pure mansion in her spotless heart ;
 Nor do her hands the housewife's toil despise,
 She every want foresees and each supplies ;
 Careful for each contingency provides ;
 With silent haste her pressing business glides :
 Always employ'd, she never is confus'd,
 Fit time and place by her are always us'd.
 Her father's household rul'd and govern'd right
 Is her chief glory and supreme delight ;
 A nobler tribute she from thence receives
 Than all the homage paid to beauty gives !
 And tho' the whole be subject to her care,
 'Tis her's to reprimand, deny, and spare,
 From whence most other women hated are ;
 Yet is she still by the whole house lov'd ;
 Unvex'd by passion, by caprice unmov'd,
 She shows no pertness, fullness, 'or spleen,
 Foibles which in her sex are often seen ;

She

She in a look can her commands convey,
 Which all with pleasure willingly obey.
 With clear precision she directs alone,
 And nothing orders but what may be done ;
 Even her reproofs she can with kindness blend
 And blame misconduct only to amend.
 She is the solace of her father's cares ;
 To her his weary mind for rest repairs,
 As the faint traveller oppress'd with heat,
 Does to the shelter of the grove retreat,
 On the soft turf his languid limbs he throws,
 And tastes the blessings of secure repose.
 By the possession of *Antiope*
 The most laborious search repaid would be :
 Her mind by splendid trifles undebas'd,
 Is, like her person, deck'd by truest taste :
 Her lively fancy feels discretion's rein ;
 She only speaks when she should not refrain ;
 But soft persuasion dwells upon her tongue,
 And artless grace is mix'd her words among ;
 As



As all attentive listen whilst she speaks,
The rising blushes overspread her cheeks :
By conscious modesty her words repress
Can scarce express the dictates of her breast.



Antiope is now a royal maid,
With every charming elegance array'd,
With all the gifts exalted birth can bring
Her sire *Idomeneus*, *Salentum's* king ;
But had it been her humble lot to keep
On *Algidum's* bleak heights her fleecy sheep,
Still such exalted merit to possess,
Would be at once Renown and Happiness,

The following Imitations are from
Greek Poets.

FROM PHOENICIDES.

Truly I will forsake this harlot's trade,
I am so often *bilk'd*, so poorly paid ;
Indeed



Indeed I'll bid ~~is~~ evermore adieu ;
 And judge me *Pythias*, I appeal to you
 Who have yourself a better fortune got,
 If I in quitting it do right or not ?
 When first I was a courtezan profess't,
 By chance, a blustering soldier me address't,
 Who told his skirmishes in various wars,
 Brag'd of his mighty deeds and show'd his
 scars,

But brought no money : only swore, "that
 when

"The king paid him, he'd recompense me-
 then :"

Thus a whole year with him I fool'd away,
 And for his custom went without my pay.
 I left him.---Then engaging with a quack,
 Throughout the time I every thing did lack,
 For he was poor, and such a butchering dog,
 I hated him worse than the soldier rogue :
 This talk'd of killing to display his wit,
 But t'other actual murders did commit.
 Then I a grave philosopher's became,
 Whose beard, and cloak, and speech, were
 much the same ;

This,

This, to say truly, was the worst of all
 The very worst mischance did me befall :
 He gave me nothing ; and the surly knave,
 Whene'er I did a little money crave,
 Would sternly answer, " Hence, away, be
 gone,
 " Money's an Evil---I will give you none."

FROM EUBULUS.

I but three bumpers fill for prudent men :
 The first is for the sake of health ; and then
 The next for love and pleasure we should take,
 And of the third a sleeping potion make :
 And those who wish to keep of wise the name,
 Will then go home as quiet as they came
 For the fourth goblet never is our own,
 When mirth to noisy petulance is grown.
 The fifth wild clamour and confusion shows,
 The sixth brings madness and proceeds to
 blows ;
 For wine drank largely on the toper steals,
 Supplants his senses and *trips up his heels*.

FROM

FROM PHILIPIDES.

If fortune has thy lot unhappy made,
Remember what *Euripides* has said,—
“No man is wholly and compleatly blest;”
And thou art but one wretch amongst the rest.

S O N N E T.

IF Heaven has destin'd me through life to mourn,
At the stern sentence must not I repine?
If from the cradle to the funeral urn,
The dismal dole of dark despair be mine:

If it avails not that with guarded thought
I try the paths of selfishness to shun;
Doom'd e'er to compass what my wishes sought,
In sad distraction I life's circuit run.

Though pure my thought, though spotless be my deed,
If all in enmity 'gainst me combine,
Can I against an adverse world succeed,
And cry triumphantly ‘I'll not repine?’

Alas! traduc'd, revil'd, defam'd, oppress'd,
Unceasing anguish still must desolate my breast.

REBUS.

R E B U S.

PERIPATETICS plainly will declare
 The appellation of the Sisters fair,
 Whose charms a numerous train of suitors
 praise,
 And whose perfections merit plausive lays.

E P I G R A M,

You say, *Philargyrus*, that whilst you live
 You will not me one shilling give;
 And are besides so true a friend,
 You'll not to me one penny lend;
 But when you die you will take care
 I of your wealth shall have my share.
Philargyrus, shall I speak true
 (To such a friend, sure truth is due),
 If you were circumstanc'd like me,
 Pray tell me what your wish would be?

ANOMALIAE.

No. 30.

TUESDAY, MAY 15th. 1798.

WHOEVER wishes to delight us,
 Should not begin, like *Heraclitus*,
 To fall into a fit of whining,
 At circumstances still repining;
 But, like *Democritus*, should make
 His own and readers' shoulders ache;
 When sudden merriment convulses
 Their sides and agitates their pulses,
 They're tickled with they know not 'what,
 Are pleas'd with this, and then with that, }
 Tho' grave before as any cat.
 Now this is always my odd way,
 (Hang me if I know what to say,)

G g

And

-And I'm not like a young beginner,
 Having been long a harden'd sinner,
 Who have offensive been, "Lord keep us,"
 In Anagram, Charade, and Rebus;
 And smitten with new *influenzas*
Italian Extravaganzas,
 In English doggrel imitated,
 And dar'd to call the stuff translated.
 The man who does with awl and wax,
 In shoe-leather repair the cracks,
 Who as he twists the flax and bristles,
 With a clear conscience sings and whistles;
 He calls himself indeed translator
 Of shoes, but not a fabricator;
 Or be he e'er so great a knave,
 Still charms his conscience with a slave;
 This man I say, is acting right,
 Who works and sings from morn to night;
 And careless of a cuckold's horn,
 Profoundly sleeps from night to morn:
 But

oooooooooooooooo

But by my faith and honesty,
 This *Anomaliae* is a spy,
 Who does in wait for mischief lie:
 Whene'er he would seem wond'rous wise
 With hard words he still stupefies ;
 And when he tries to aim at mirth,
 The brat's still strangled at the birth ;
 For ever he's wrong subjects chusing,
 And therefore's never worth perusing :
 He never will be fit, I'm clear,
 "To carry guts unto a bear," ---
 As the great *Peter Pindar* says,
 "*Pindarum quisquis emulari,*
Studet," says *Horace*, can't miscarry:
 Whether his song has any meaning
 Or no, you'll hardly keep the spleen in ;
 For laughing will discuss your choler,
 This I can tell, though I'm no scholar ;
 And from it's temporary labour,
 You'll think more kindly of your neighbour.
 "Un



"Un homme qui rit," says Yorick's travels,
 Never at states or princes cavils,
 He's therefore "*Jamais dangereux*," ---
 I really think the Count spoke true :
 'Twas the lean *Cassius* and *Brutus*
 (These cramp hard Latin names don't suit us),
 That struck with panic *Caius Julius*
Cesar, if writers tell it truly us,
 And gave the city such a frightening
 They thought it had been struck with light-
 ening ;
 Sure there was never such a scene piece---
 The Moon appear'd just like a green cheese.
 Hey!--o'er the clouds I've vaulted soon,
 And got again into the Moon :
 I run such queer and awkward rig,
 You'll think me mounted on a pig,
 And say my muse of fire is a *Sus*,
 "A sow" I mean, not a *Pegasus*,
 From,

From which *Bellerophon* was thrown,
 And neck and heels came tumbling down :
 Wanting to do more than mankind did,
 He tumbled off, and so was blinded, —
 Upon my faith, a lucky hint
 Which teaches me my rhymes to stint,
 Least I who ride the Muse's ass,
 Like Babel's king be sent to grafs;
 'Twould be a dismal lot, alas!
 And whilst I think folks me admiring,
 I find I only am them tiring.
 No farther then I'll stretch intrusion,
 But hasten to a prompt conclusion,
 And let the nonsense I have penn'd,
 Which has no meaning have an end.

Further Imitations from Greek Poets.

FROM SOTADES.

Although thou art a King, O mortal ! hear,
 If much thou spit, thou'rt phlegmatic 'tis clear.
 What

What tho' thy limbs in finest stuff be clad?
 The sheep before thee the same covering had,
 And if with glittering gold thy garments shine?
 'Tis fortune has advanc'd those steps of thine.
 Say, art thou rich? to chance thou art a slave;
 Or insolent? 'tis madness makes thee rave.
 But if with graceful modesty thou move,
 This is a present from the Gods above:
 And if true modesty indeed be thine,
 Measure thy paces by her Rule and Line.

FROM MENANDER.

You talk of wealth---it quickly glides away;
 But if you could ensure it's constant stay,
 You're right---your long collected stores possess,
 Share them with none to make your portion less.

But if on chance this boasted wealth depends,
 Why not impart your bounty to your friends?
 Fortune may quickly you of it deprive,
 And to some undeserving person give;

Whilst

Whilst you are able, freely then bestow,
In noble uses let your riches flow ;
Reward your friends, to all assistance bring,
'Tis an immortal and a glorious thing !
Nor fear of empty coffers to complain,
For money thus employ'd, returns again.

S O N N E T.

CAN anxious thought, solicitude and care,
The Destinies' stern dictates contravene ?
Can Prudence Fortune's negligence repair,
And claim exemption from each rueful scene ?

Ah ! no ;—involv'd in an impervious gloom,
Futurity's impenetrable shade
From unenlighten'd mortals hides the doom,
Immutable Omnipotence has made.

In vain with feeble and unequal power
We try the paths of Happiness to find ;
Perplexities augmenting every hour,
Harrahs the judgment and distress the mind :

WHAT WILL BE, WILL BE : never yet was known
Man who could make Felicity his own.

CHARADE.

CHARADE.

Ye lovers of trifles, pray let it be said
No longer I know not to make a Charade ;
I've found out a subject so charmingly clever,
That all would employ themselves with it for
ever :

Three-fourths of the planet whose shadowy
light

Is said to be pleasing to each fairy spright,
Will give you my first ; and to find out my
second,

Two-thirds of an organ of sight must be rec-
kon'd :

Proceeding thus far you a whole may divine,
Which I'm apprehensive will never be mine.

EPICRAMMATIC THOUGHT.

If Life protracted be protracted Woe,
As the grave lessons of the Sages show ;
Then why of Life should Man desirous be ?
Since lengthen'd Life is lengthen'd Misery.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 31.

TUESDAY, MAY 22d. 1798.

TRANSLATION.

TO

ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

HORACE, L. I. Ode XXII.

THE upright man whose life is pure
From guilt, undaunted walks secure,
Fuscus, he needs no Moorish arts,
Nor quiver loaded with envenom'd darts;

Should he midst raging quicksands stray,
Or take o'er savage *Caucasus* his way,
Or go where fam'd *Hydaspes'* tide
Through-fabled realms is said to glide.

H h

For



For as in Sabine woods I stray'd,
And sung my LALAGE, "sweet maid!"
A Wolf appear'd, but seiz'd with dread
From me unarm'd directly fled.

No beast of such tremendous size
In wild *Apulia's* thickets lies,
Nor *Juba's* land whose arid plain
The Lion's offspring does maintain.

Place me on some ungenial coast
Which ne'er the summer breeze did boast,
The World's dark side, which *Jove* in spite
With fogs and tempests does affright;

Or place me where the sultry sky
Does to mankind abode deny;
I still will love my LALAGE
Who sweetly speaks and smiles on Me.

FROM PHILIPPIDES.

If you an ugly wife for money wed,
You get good victuals but an irksome bed.

FROM

FROM MENANDER.

You would *Trophimus*, have just cause to
 grieve,
 If on these terms you being did receive,
 That you should always to your liking live :
 If it were so, you might indeed be wroth
 As tho' the Deity had broke his oath ;
 But if you breathe the air or tread the ground
 By the same laws with which mankind are
 bound,

I tell you seriously---your part of care
 You must with moderation calmly bear :
 Know in a word, "*presume no more to scan,*"
 Unhappy mortal you were born a Man ;
 Man of all creatures weakest is confest,
 Is soon exalted and is soon deprest.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

I thought the Rich, who have no need to
 borrow,
 Might live (my *Phania!*) always without
 sorrow;
 Might soundly sleep, content and tranquil be,
 And never cry 'Alas!' and 'Woe is me!'
 Or on their pillow tofs in restless pain,
 And seek all night for quietness in vain:
 But tranquil Ease avoids the great-man's door,
 And peaceful slumbers only blefs the poor:
 I see ye Great who are in name so blest,
 That if we suffer, so are you distressed.

FROM TIMOCLES.

I pray thee to my words attention pay,
 For 'twill be useful to hear what I say.
 Know that unhappy Man is form'd by Na-
 ture,
 A most calamitous and wretched creature;
 That even the gift of Being with it bears
 Repeated sorrows and continued cares.

But

But to it's evils offers this relief,
 To soften hardship and alleviate grief ;
 Forgetful of it's own, the thinking mind
 From others' woes may consolation find,
 And placing various scenes of life in view,
 It's patient perseverance may renew.
 Think (if thou dar'st) what the Tragedians
 tell

Of dire events which other men besel.
 Let him who is by Poverty déprest,
 View *Telephus* a mendicant distrest,
 So shall to him th'accumulated weight
 Of his own penury appear more light.
 Let him whose griefs perplex his madd'ning
 brain,

Think of *Alcæon* and from Rage refrain.
 Let him whose eyes are robb'd of chearful
 light,

Remember *Oedipus* dépriv'd of sight.
 To him who shall his darling child survive,
 Let weeping *Niobe* sad comfort give.
 And let the man whose halting foot is lame,
 Remember *Philoctetes* was the same.
 To him who tingers sorrowful and old,
 Let the sad tale of *Oeneus* be told.

He

ACROSTIC REBUS.

EPIGRAM,

Says Pinchclove to Graspoll all people agree
That thou'rt a mere niggardly fellow than me:
Says Graspoll to Pinchclove I thought folks
were wiser [Miser;
Than make any difference 'twixt this or that
'Tis thou lay'st all by, whilst I rake all toge-
ther,—
There should be a preference given to neither.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 32.

TUESDAY, MAY 29th. 1798.

THE following Ballad, in which the simplicity of that unaffected diction (sometime ago the prevailing taste) has been attempted to be preserved, was begun several years since, but a variety of circumstances disagreeable to the Writer prevented it's being finished; and the original sketches of it being lost, many of the stanzas which were obliterated from his remembrance, he has been necessarily obliged to supply by some of a more novel composition, though perhaps the primitive

connexion of incident cannot be completely restored ; and it is not without considerable hesitation that he ventures to produce it.

HUBERT and MATILDA.

An ENGLISH Ballad.

"Nugae quæ canoræ."

IT was when Richard England's king
The Holy Cross assum'd,
When trees did bud and flowers did spring
And all the country bloom'd ;

'Twas then young Hubert left his bed,
As day's returning dawn,
In orient skies her blushes spread,
And crimson'd o'er the lawn.

With

With heavy heart did Hubert rise,
 With grief unusual prest;
 Whilst tears stood gathering in his eyes
 And anguish fill'd his breast.

A while in musing thought he stood—
 Then pensive took his way,
 To the lov'd cottage in the wood,
 In which Matilda lay.

At thought of her his mind dilates,
 His wishes all expand;
 His throbbing bosom palpitates
 With what his ardour plann'd.

Matilda was the fairest maid
 That dwelt by Deva's side;
 Her form the Graces had array'd—
 Her heart was free from pride:

She did not wish, like ladies now,
 That crowds should her admire;
 She reign'd the queen of Hubert's vow,
 And could no more require.

Content with love for love return'd,
 She fought no prouder spheres;
 Her virgin heart had never mourn'd---
 She was unus'd to tears.

Thus calm the Halcyon takes her rest
 By the smooth water's side;
 Thus unsuspecting builds her nest,
 Close verging on the tide:

Th' autumnal shower she does not dread,
 Nor yet the brumal frost;
 She sees fair summer's mantle spread
 In all it's gaudy boast;

Nor knows the time approaching near
 When summer's verdure flies;
 When chilling frosts deform the year,
 And howling tempests rise.

Ah! sure such quiet to destroy,
 To vex that gentle mind,
 Could but a savage heart employ,
 Inhuman and unkind!

Was

Was Hubert of ungentle race,
 Had he a ruthless breast?
 No,---gentle pity you might trace
 In all his looks imprest :

No, though to martial honour bred,
 He scorn'd to harbour fear ;
 Yet by each softer passion led,
 His love was love sincere.

He reach'd Matilda's humble home,
 Still there a welcome guest
 He was,---and why then should he roam?
 ---There only he was blest.

The helmet on his brows did shine ;
 The self same mail he bore,
 Which on the plains of Palestine
 His uncle Godfrey wore.

He felt the helmet on his brow
 Then first uneasy prove ;
 For though to arms engag'd by vow,
 He was a slave to love.

When

When an enthusiastic train
 Did Richard's ardour join,
 Attempting with endeavour vain
 To rescue Palestine,

Amongst the rest th'arousing call
 On Hubert was imprest ;
 And soon the " Cross of Father Paul "
 Depended o'er his breast.

He call'd : Matilda soon arose,
 His lately promis'd bride ;
 But with a mind presaging woes,
 Soon as that cross she spy'd.

' I come,' he cry'd, ' my darling maid,
 ' To bid my love adieu,
 ' Awhile in glittering steel array'd
 ' I honour must pursue.

' I have that honour pledg'd my queen !
 ' That gallant band to join,
 ' Who from the furious Hagarene,
 ' Will rescue Palestine :

' And

‘And I must thither bend my way,
 ‘For Joppa ruin’d lies;
 ‘And on the walls of Solyma,
 ‘The conquering crescents rise.’

‘Thou shalt not thither bend thy way’---
 (With fault’ring voice she cries)
 ‘Though on the towers of Solyma
 ‘A thousand crescents rise :

‘No,---did thine aid thy country need,
 ‘I’d not thy wish deny;
 ‘Say, who for England would not bleed,
 ‘For England would not die ?

‘But all uncounsell’d to obey
 ‘A wild enthusiast’s call;
 ‘Forgive me, Hubert, if I say,
 ‘It cannot well befall.’

‘Alas!’ he cries, ‘I did me plight,
 ‘Mine honour is at stake;
 ‘And wouldst thou me a recreant knight,
 ‘A stain to honour make ?---

‘Oh,

'Oh, no! Matilda---we shall meet
 'In happier hours than these;
 'And thou my glad return shall greet,
 'When all thy troubles cease.'

In vain with soothing speech he strove
 To calm the love-sick maid;
 And did himself it's anguish prove,
 Which on his vitals prey'd.

But thou must go, ill fated youth!
 What does thy lot prepare?
 Or is the recompense for truth
 Distraction and despair? ---

(To be continued.)

ANAGRAM.

The smallest of creatures, transposing it clever,
 Will clearly display what endureth for ever.

ANOTHER.

'Tis odd the sweetest flower should make
 An ulcer, if it right you take.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 33.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5th. 1798.

HUBERT and MATILDA.

(Continued.)

AH! who can speak love's last farewell;
What language can recite?
What eloquence pathetic tell;
What powerful pen can write?

'Tis past my humble pencil's art
Their parting to pourtray;
But every tender feeling heart
That parting can display.

My labouring verse I pray you spare;---
Imagine Hubert gone;
And figure to yourself the fair
Dejected left alone.

K k

O'er

O'er many a sea did Hubert stray,
O'er many a distant strand ;
Urg'd he his melancholy way,
Through many a barbarous band.

Still did ill fortune him pursue,
Where'er he pass'd his days ;
In Rhodes, in Crete, in Cyprus too,
He sought the meed of praise.

But merit cannot still in life
Deserv'd success obtain ;
Oft doom'd to suffer toil and strife,
Link'd in misfortune's chain.

But now the crowds who ardent went
The Holy Land to win,
Expecting in that wish'd event,
To free themselves from sin ;

Nor they the Holy Land could win,
And Solyma regain ;
The martial skill of Saladdin
Made all their valour vain.

We need not tell what deaths were dealt?
 How glow'd each fierce alarm?---
 Or how the mighty Soldan felt
 The force of Richard's arm?

How ever faithless, perjur'd France
 The Christian cause betray'd?
 How thro' their armies, dire mischance
 Distrust and fear convey'd?

Each day disastrous news did bring,---
 And rife reports abound,
 That Austria's duke had England's king
 In triple fetters bound:

That wide dispers'd the gallant peers,
 Who Syria fought to free,
 Had mourning Europe fill'd with tears,
 By this calamity.

That widow'd wives and orphans sad,
 In every state did mourn;
 And wept in sable sackcloth clad
 Friends never to return:---

And

And did Matilda's constancy
At this sad news abide ?
Did she retain her purity
When in the furnace try'd ?

Ah ! never yet for faith unstain'd,
Was changeful woman known ;
The female virtues are but feign'd---
Their faults are all their own.

Forbear my Muse in peevish lays
The sacred sex to wrong,
Thou oft hast known the meed of praise
Of right to them belong :

Forbear the disappointed train
Of snarling wits to join ;
From all asperity refrain,
Let not mean spite be thine.

Did grandeur lure thee, luckless maid !
Her splendid paths to tread ?
Did pride in filken pomp array'd,
For thee her meshes spread ?

Yes,---

Yes,—pride for thee the filken snare
 Held out, the golden lure
 Attractive did for thee prepare,
 To tempt a heart so pure.

The glare of grandeur dimm'd her eyes,
 Her judgment turn'd aside ;
 And by repeated flatteries,
 Her mind grew fraught with pride.

She listen'd to the ready tale
 By foolish coxcombs told ;
 Those who in danger's field look pale,
 But are in chambers bold.

She little then of Hubert thought,
 Who o'er the burning soil,
 'Midst death the furious Moslems fought,
 And bore incessant toil.

Abandon'd all to pleasure's call,
 She join'd the giddy throng,
 Whose banquets fill the festive hall---
 Who raise the careless song :---

Yet

Yet still her fancy oft would rove
Back to the rural dale,
Where first she heard the voice of love
In Hubert's welcome tale :

Oft back to innocence and peace
Her fancy lov'd to stray,
Whose pleasures pure did never cease
Throughout the live long day.

The flowery glade, th'embowering wood,
The vale, the haunted stream,
Upon whose silver-bosom'd flood
Bright shone the moon-tide beam,

All these remembrance brought to view,—
There she with Hubert stray'd;
There did he oft his vows renew
And love's soft homage paid.—

And can she ever then forget
What transport fill'd his breast?
What rapture every time they met
His features all express?

No,—

No,—never can her heart forget,
 Whilst beating in her breast,
 How every grace in Hubert met,—
 What truth did him invest !

In vain does grandeur spread her net,
 And adulation try
 Her artificial gins to set
 T' entangle purity.

Shall not affection's hallow'd flame
 To these superior prove ? —
 Can these advance a stronger claim
 To that of genuine love ? —

Yet there are mercenary souls
 (Pardon my devious thought),
 Whom lust of gain alone controuls,
 Who always may be bought :

But never shall those sordid minds
 True satisfaction prove,—
 Ne'er know the bliss that virtue finds,—
 Ne'er feel the throb of love.

Let

Let them possess the harden'd heart,
To counterpoise their store ;
To those who act a sordid part,
A curse is golden ore :

For ever wretched is the breast
Where lust of gold presides ;
How is the ruthless mind unblest,
Which selfish interest guides !

It feels no gentle sympathy,
Nor shares another's joys ;
Still doom'd unto itself to be
The scorpion that destroys : —

(The Conclusion in my next.)

ANAGRAM.

Aright transposing dirty beasts,
Will show the drink at splendid feast.

ANOTHER.

Transpose the emblems of his trade,
The God of War will be display'd.

ANOMALIAE.

No. 34.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12th. 1798.

HUBERT and MATILDA.

(Concluded.)

BUT why should thus reflections stale
My narrative delay?
Let me resume of my tale,
Young Hubert's fate display.

And why cannot the feeling heart
The generous purpose save,
From destiny's mistaken dart
The liberal minded brave?---

Why can it not?---sure Heaven ordains
Those whom it's powers approve,
Through life expos'd to sharpest pains
In misery should rove.

L 1

Thro'



Thro' want, thro' toils, thro' vales of blood,
Thro' unabating woe ;
Still struggling with affliction's flood,
Did hapless Hubert go.

For him no trophies conquest rais'd,
No laurel garlands twin'd ;
Alone, unrecompens'd, unprais'd,
He melancholy pin'd :

And now the vain pursuit he leaves,
A hopeless cause forlakes ;
And with a heart that inward grieves,
His homeward steps he takes.

Well may internal cares perplex
His agitated breast ;
Distrust and dire presagings vex,
And rob his soul of rest. —

What gratulation shall he find ?
What welcome shall he prove ?—
Do all his friends continue kind,
And constant still his love ?—

Alas !



Alas ! this boasted friendship glows
 With an uncertain flame,
 And love itself experience shows
 Continues not the same.

Had he return'd with orient spoils,
 Of gold and gems posselt ;
 How had he been with ready smiles
 And proffer'd service prest :

But cold indifference still awaits
 The unannounc'd return,
 Of him whom unpropitious fates
 Have doom'd thro' life to mourn.

No gratulations meet his ears,---
 No "euges" speak his praise,---
 No clamorous eager crowd appears,
 The loud acclaim to raise.

But tho' thus mute applause's tongue,
 Yet muttering slander's voice
 Unfolds of lies a tissue long,
 With far resounding noise.

These

These represent his state forlorn
 From his ill conduct flows ;
 That poverty of vice is born,
 Which prudence never knows.

Though he by ancient faws advis'd
 And skill'd in maxims sage,
 Vulgar inconstancy despis'd,
 Nor once gave way to rage.

But he was further doom'd to hear,---
 . Was further doom'd to know,
 A pang more cruelly severe,---
 A more decisive blow.---

Alas ! not baffled hopes of fame,
 Not pain, nor poverty,
 Neglect, disgrace, contempt, and shame,
 To this could equal be.

All other ills may be retriev'd,
 May be by chance repaid,
 Save friendship that has been deceiv'd,
 And love that is betray'd :

But



But friendship that has been betray'd,
 Can never more confide ;
 And love a fugitive once made,
 Can never be supply'd.---

Embronz'd with toil, imprest with scars,
 In garments coarse and old,
 He brought the hardships of the war,
 But not their boasted gold.

Unknowing where he means to stray,
 His devious footsteps tend,
 Where a new paramour so gay
 Matilda did attend :

Her well-known features fix'd his eye,---
 Cold paleness overspread
 His shivering limbs---and instantly
 He mingled with the dead.

What horrors did her heart appal,---
 What was her wretched state ?-----
 She recognis'd him in his fall,
 And falling, shar'd his fate.*

* Here seems to be some resemblance to Tickell's Ballad of Colin and Lucy, which however the Writer of these stanzas did not recollect till they were finished.

Sure

.....
Sure if there be no place of rest,
Of retribution none ;
If those whom here misfortune prest
Be to oblivion gone ;

Then surely those were made in vain,
Whom sorrow still attends,
Who whilst they live exist in pain,
Whose life in nothing ends.

But Heaven's own oracles declare
To those who virtuous be,
Though dark life's intricacies are,
A blest Eternity.

SONNET,

S O N N E T.



AND shall the Soul releas'd from cumb'rous clay,
 By an Omnipotent supreme command,
 To Realms æthereal wing her shining way,
 And in an Empyrean bright expand?

This Emanation of Celestial fire,
 From Heaven descended--shall it Heaven resume?
 To Bliss Angelical again aspire,
 Whilst Heavenly Splendors all it's views illumine?

Yes, liberated from Corruption's Reign,
 Freed from debasements of the Nether Sphere,
 It shall Immortal Happiness attain,
 Through Pain's Alembic percolated clear:

Deterg'd from terrene feculence shall fly
 In uncontaminated perfect Purity.

ANOTHER.



ANOTHER.

SAY, didst thou brandish the red sword of war ?

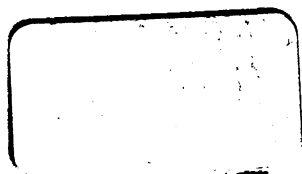
Did crimson carnage mark thy purple way,
Excentric rolling like some dreadful star,
That strikes th' astonish'd regions with dismay ?

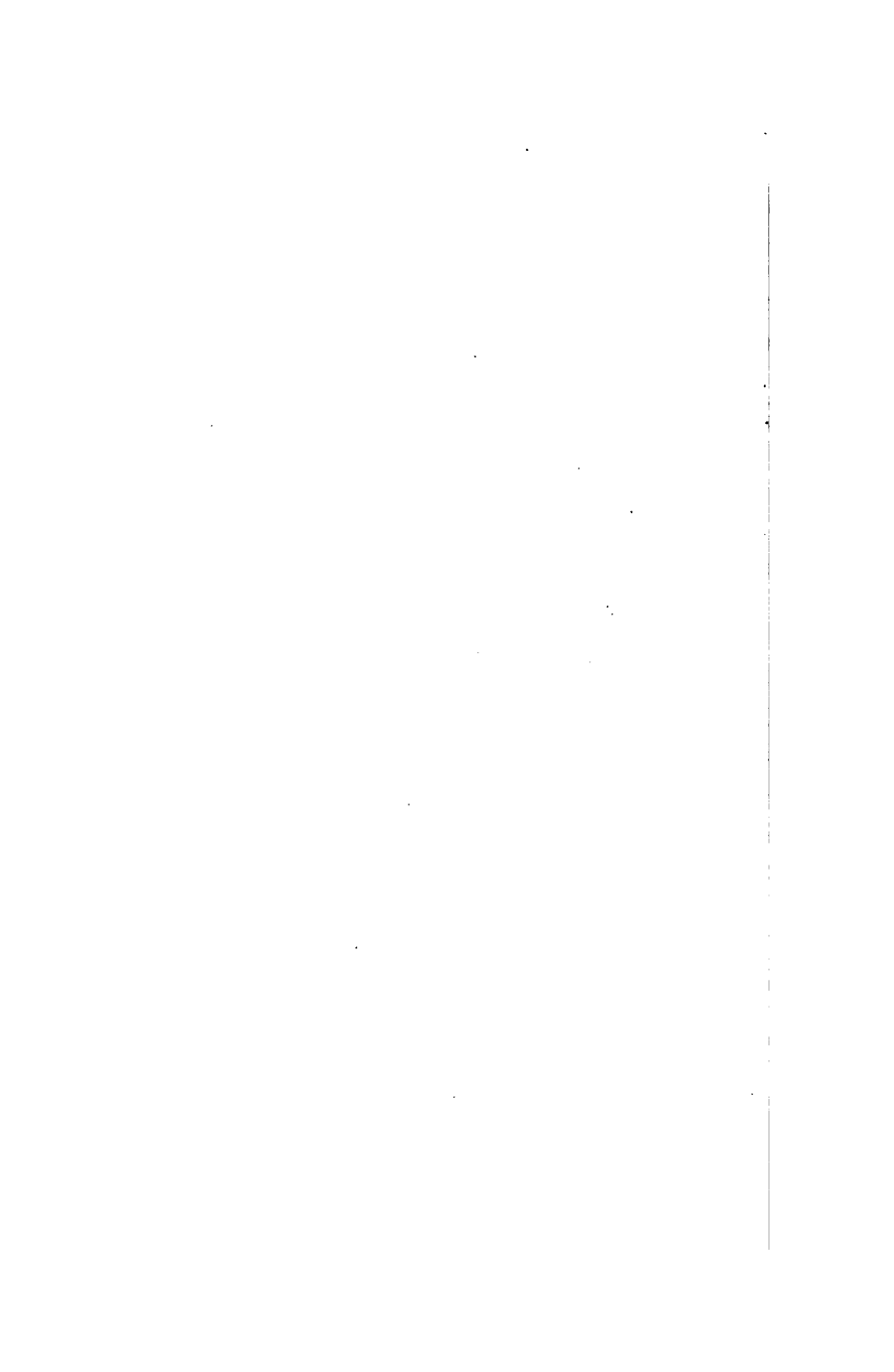
Though plac'd refulgent on the conquering car,
With emulating Heroes compass'd round,
Thou thy long train of Triumph spread afar,
And heard th' acclaim of Victory resound :

What tho' her bright effulgence round thee stream,
The dazzling splendor that adorns the brave,
Like the pale radiance of the Lunar Beam
Illusive trembles on the dancing wave——

Soon shall that borrow'd shadowy light be fled,
And lengthening darkness all around be spread.







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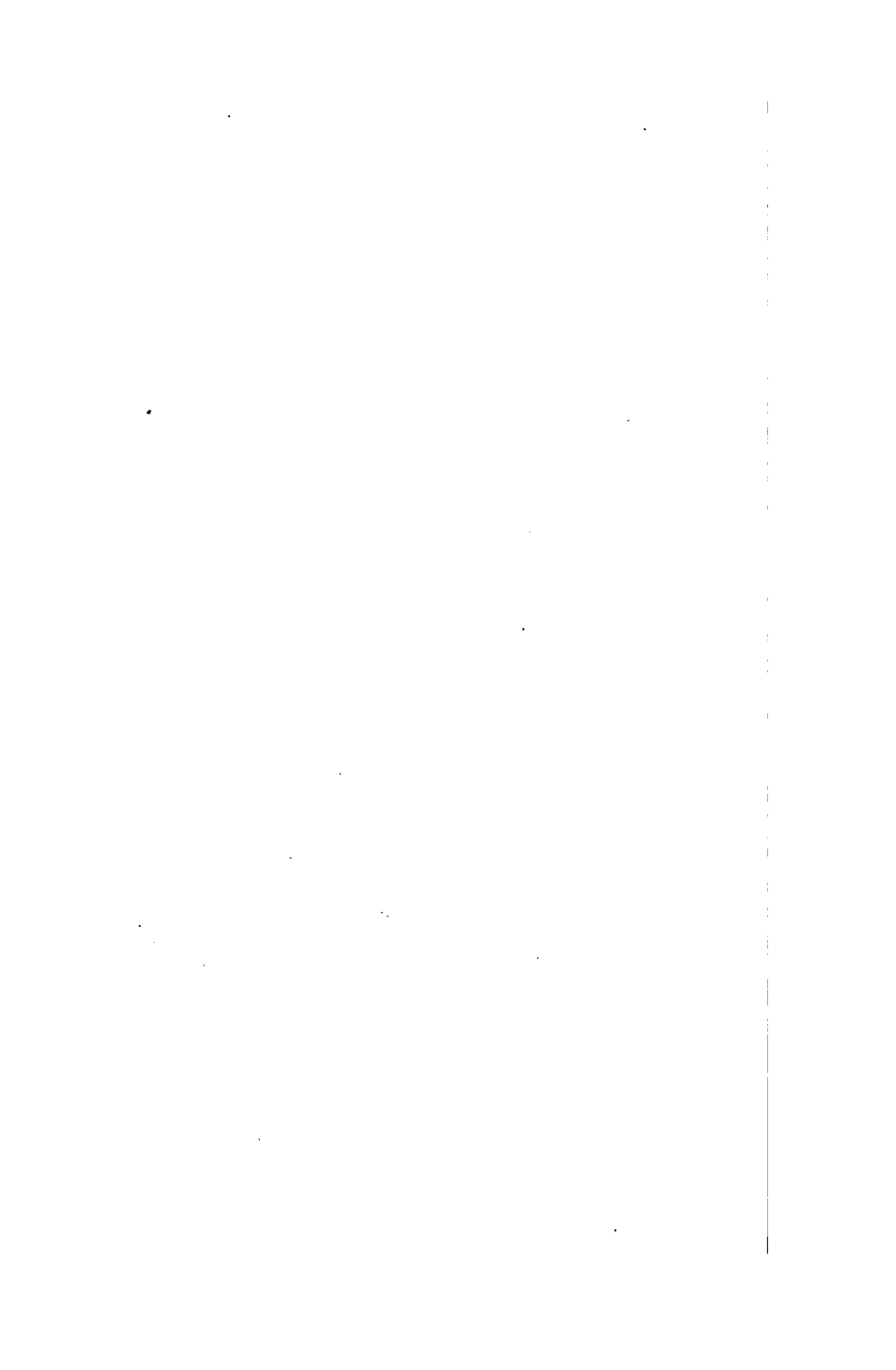
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